

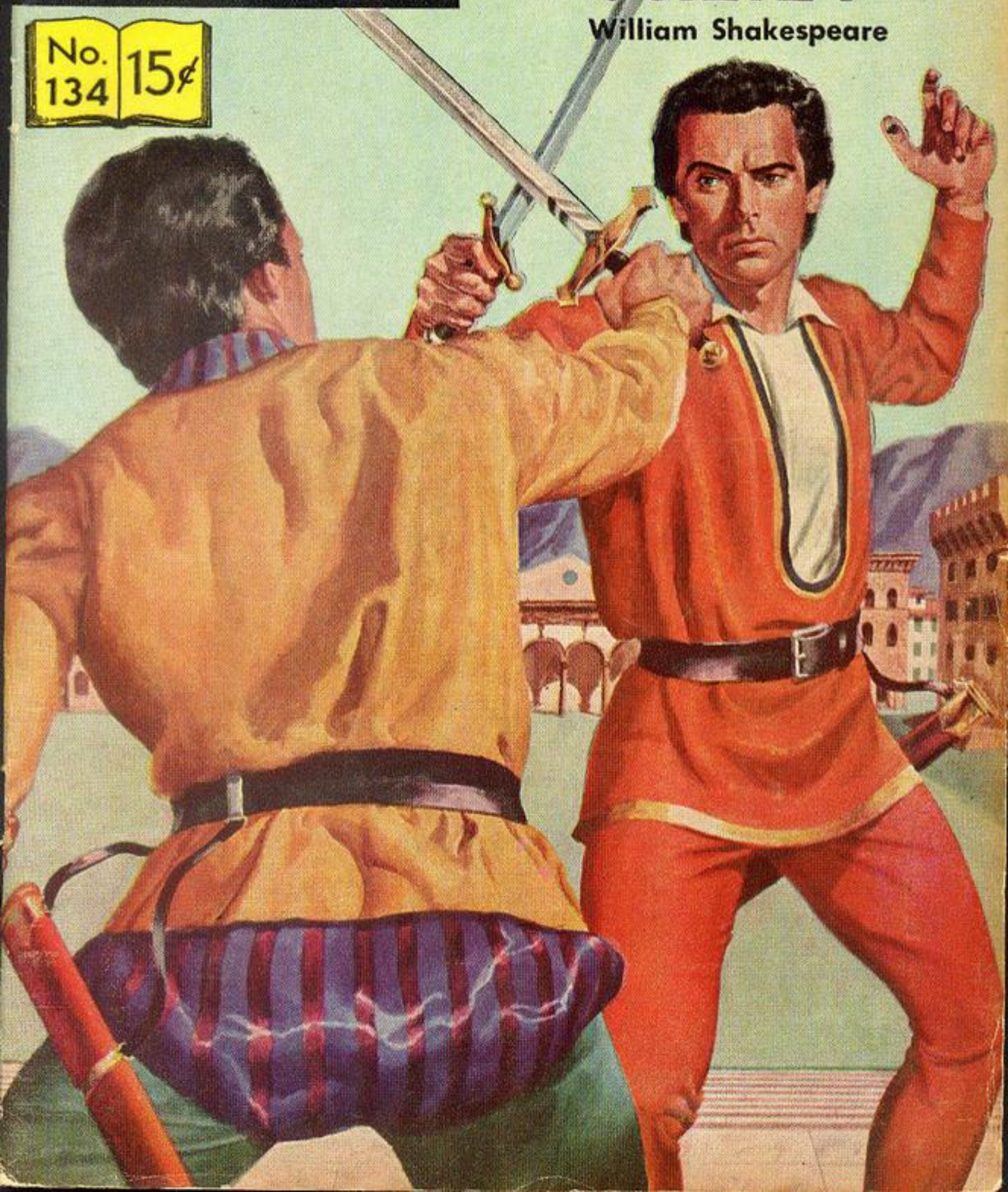
CLASSICS *Illustrated*

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No.
134 15¢

ROMEO and JULIET

William Shakespeare



ROMEO and JULIET

William Shakespeare

HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, IN VERONA, ITALY, TWO NOBLE FAMILIES, FEUDED BITTERLY. THE TWO FAMILIES WERE THE MONTAGUES AND THE CAPULETS. EVERY MEMBER OF THE TWO HOUSEHOLDS, FROM THE SERVANTS TO THE MASTERS TOOK PART IN THE CEASELESS FIGHTING.

THE HEADS OF THE FEUDING HOUSES EACH HAD ONLY ONE CHILD. MONTAGUE HAD A SON, ROMEO. CAPULET HAD A DAUGHTER, JULIET.



ONE SUNDAY IN JULY, SERVANTS OF THE TWO ENEMY FAMILIES MET IN THE STREETS OF VERONA.

I WILL FROWN AS I PASS BY, AND LET THEM TAKE IT AS THEY LIST*.

I WILL BITE MY THUMB AT THEM; WHICH IS DISGRACE TO THEM, IF THEY BEAR IT.

* wish

DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT US, SIR?

NO, SIR, I DO NOT BITE MY THUMB AT YOU, SIR; BUT I BITE MY THUMB, SIR.

DO YOU QUARREL, SIR?

IF YOU DO, SIR, I AM FOR YOU: I SERVE AS GOOD A MAN AS YOU.

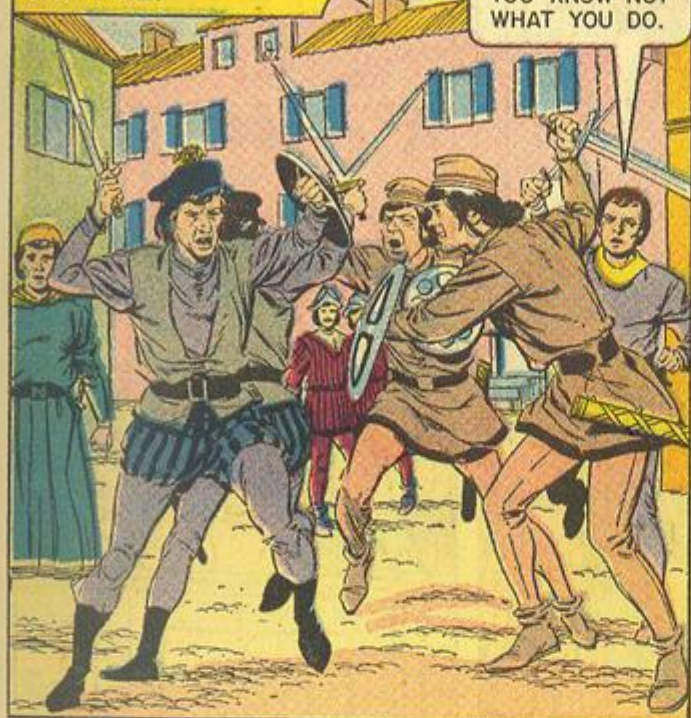
YOU LIE.

DRAW, IF YOU BE MEN.



SWORDS FLASHED. BENVOLIO, OF THE HOUSE OF MONTAGUE, CAME UPON THE FIGHTING SERVANTS AND TRIED TO STOP THEM.

PART, FOOLS! YOU KNOW NOT WHAT YOU DO.



THEN TYBALT, OF THE HOUSE OF CAPULET, ARRIVED.

TURN THEE, BENVOLIO, LOOK UPON THY DEATH.



I DO BUT KEEP THE PEACE.

TALK OF PEACE! I HATE THE WORD AS I HATE ALL MONTAGUES, AND THEE. HAVE AT THEE, COWARD!



OFFICERS OF PRINCE ESCALUS, THE RULER OF VERONA, TRIED TO BREAK UP THE FIGHT.

BEAT THEM DOWN! DOWN WITH THE CAPULETS! DOWN WITH THE MONTAGUES!



THE NOISE DREW CAPULET AND MONTAGUE AND THEIR WIVES TO THE SCENE.

GIVE ME MY SWORD!

THOU VILLAIN CAPULET.

FINALLY, PRINCE ESCALUS ARRIVED.

REBELLIOUS SUBJECTS, ENEMIES TO PEACE,
ON PAIN OF TORTURE,
THROW YOUR WEAPONS TO THE GROUND,
AND HEAR THE SENTENCE OF YOUR PRINCE.



THREE CIVIL BRAWLS
HAVE THrice DISTURB'D THE
QUIET OF OUR STREETS.



IF EVER YOU DISTURB
OUR STREETS AGAIN
YOUR LIVES SHALL PAY.



AFTER THE PRINCE LEFT, LADY MONTAGUE SPOKE TO HER HUSBAND.

WHERE IS ROMEO? SAW YOU HIM TODAY?
RIGHT GLAD I AM HE WAS NOT AT THIS FRAY.

COME, MADAM, LET'S AWAY.



AS THE MONTAGUES LEFT, BENVOLIO SAW ROMEO, HIS COUSIN, APPROACHING.

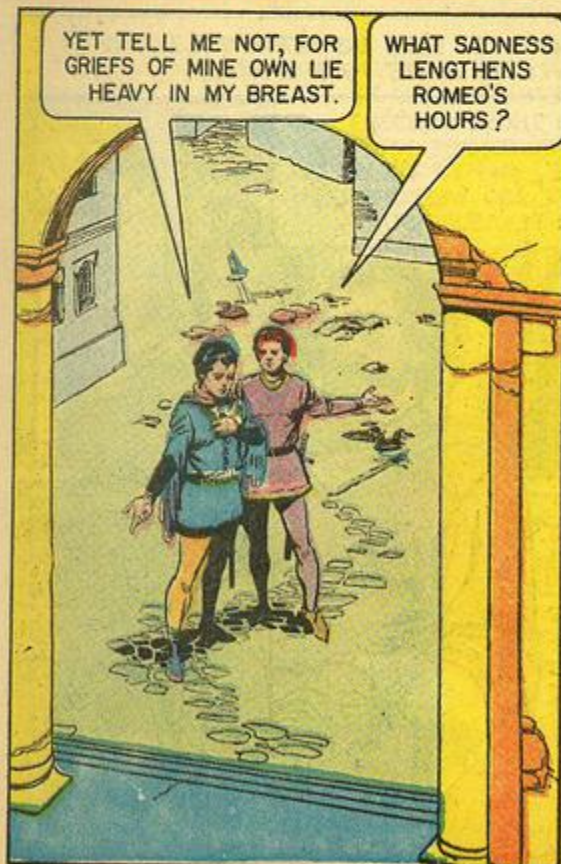
GOOD MORROW, COUSIN.

O ME! WHAT FRAY WAS HERE?



YET TELL ME NOT, FOR GRIEFS OF MINE OWN LIE HEAVY IN MY BREAST.

WHAT SADNESS LENGTHENS ROMEO'S HOURS?



ROMEO TOLD BENVOLIO THAT HE WAS IN LOVE WITH A GIRL, ROSALINE, WHO DID NOT LOVE HIM.

BE RUL'D BY ME; FORGET TO THINK OF HER.

THOU CANST NOT TEACH ME TO FORGET.



LATER, CAPULET DISCUSSED THE PRINCE'S DECREE WITH A YOUNG NOBLEMAN NAMED PARIS.

MONTAGUE IS BOUND AS WELL AS I, IN PENALTY ALIKE; AND 'T IS NOT HARD, I THINK, FOR MEN SO OLD AS WE TO KEEP THE PEACE.

OF HONOURABLE RECKONING* ARE YOU BOTH; AND PITY 'T IS YOU LIV'D AT ODDS SO LONG.



*reputation

THEN PARIS SPOKE OF HIS LOVE FOR JULIET, CAPULET'S DAUGHTER.

NOW, MY LORD, WHAT SAY YOU TO MY SUIT?

WOO HER, GENTLE PARIS, GET HER HEART, AN SHE AGREE, WITHIN HER CHOICE LIES MY CONSENT.

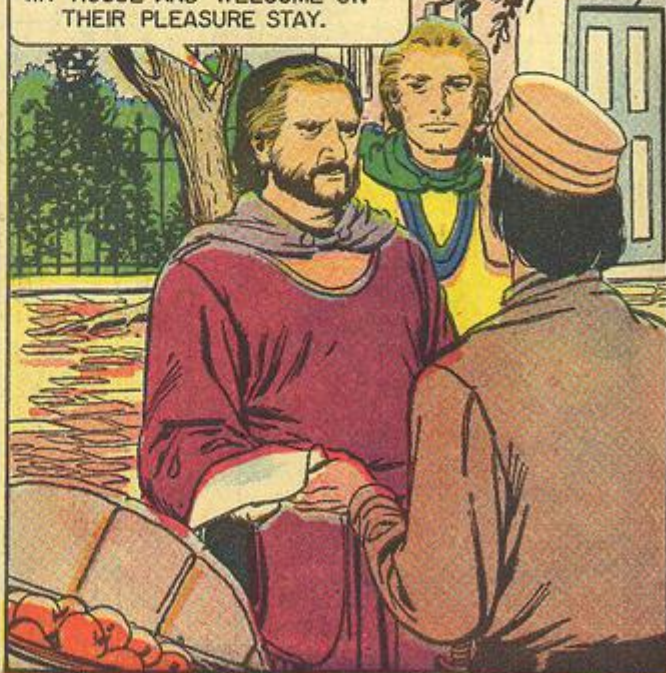


THIS NIGHT I HOLD AN OLD ACCUSTOM'D FEAST, WHERE TO I HAVE INVITED MANY A GUEST, AND YOU, ONE MORE, MOST WELCOME. COME WITH ME.



THEN CAPULET GAVE HIS SERVANT A LIST OF PEOPLE TO INVITE TO THE PARTY.

GO, FIND THOSE PERSONS OUT WHOSE NAMES ARE WRITTEN THERE, AND TO THEM SAY MY HOUSE AND WELCOME ON THEIR PLEASURE STAY.



CAPULET DID NOT REALIZE HIS SERVANT DID NOT KNOW HOW TO READ.



I PRAY, SIR, CAN YOU READ?

AY, IF I KNOW THE LETTERS AND THE LANGUAGE.



ROMEOW SAW THAT IT WAS AN INVITATION TO A FEAST, AND THAT THE LIST OF GUESTS INCLUDED THE NAME OF ROSALINE, THE GIRL HE LOVED.

A FAIR ASSEMBLY: WHITHER SHOULD THEY COME?

MY MASTER IS THE GREAT CAPULET; AND IF YOU BE NOT OF THE HOUSE OF MONTAGUES, COME AND CRUSH A CUP OF WINE.



WHEN THE SERVANT HAD GONE . . .

AT THIS FEAST OF CAPULET'S SUPS THE FAIR ROSALINE. GO THITHER. COMPARE HER FACE WITH SOME THAT I SHALL SHOW AND I WILL MAKE THEE THINK THY SWAN A CROW.



THAT NIGHT, BEFORE THE FEAST, LADY CAPULET SPOKE TO HER DAUGHTER.

TELL ME, JULIET, HOW STANDS YOUR DISPOSITIONS TO BE MARRIED?

IT IS AN HONOUR THAT I DREAM NOT OF.

WELL, THINK OF MARRIAGE NOW; THE VALIANT PARIS SEEKS YOU FOR HIS LOVE.



THIS NIGHT YOU SHALL BEHOLD HIM AT OUR FEAST; READ O'ER THE VOLUME OF YOUNG PARIS' FACE AND FIND DELIGHT WRITE THERE WITH BEAUTY'S PEN.

THEN...

MADAM, THE GUESTS ARE COME.

WE FOLLOW THEE.



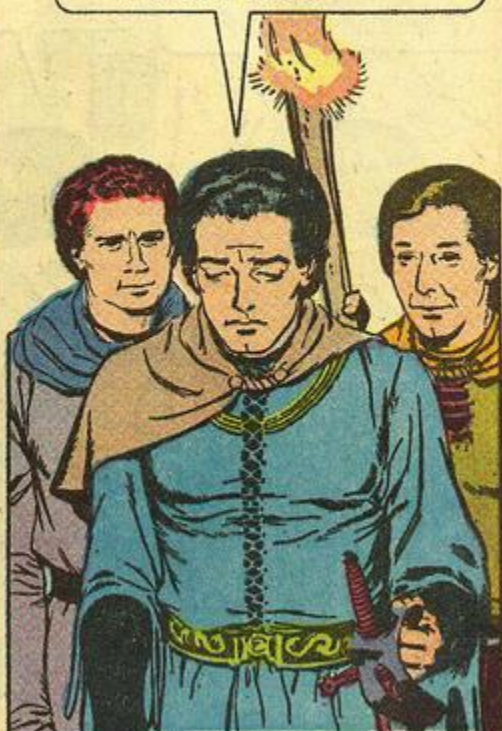
ON A NEARBY STREET, ROMEO, BENVOLIO AND THEIR FRIEND MERCUTIO WERE ON THEIR WAY TO CAPULET'S PARTY.

I AM NOT FOR THIS AMBLING.

NAY, GENTLE ROMEO, WE MUST HAVE YOU DANCE.

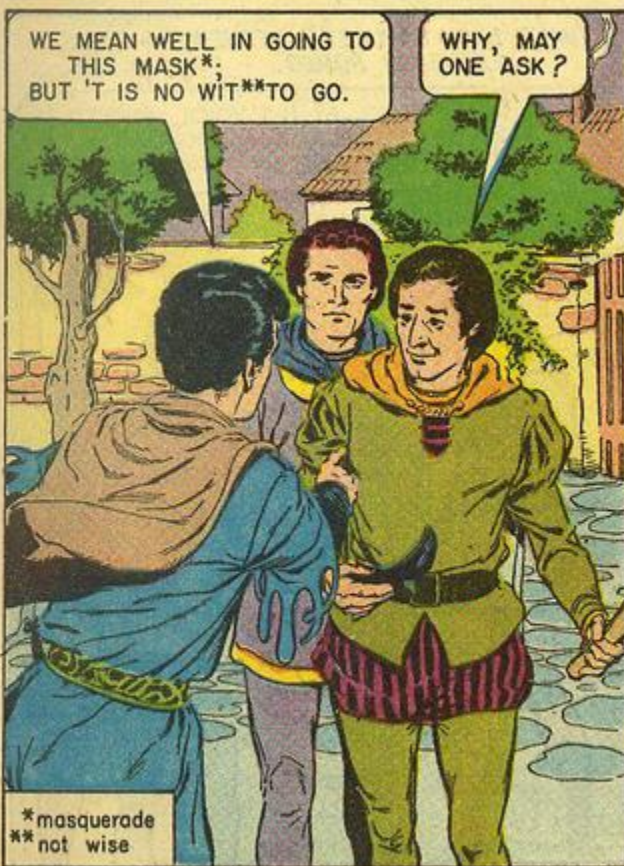


NOT I, BELIEVE ME. A SOUL OF LEAD SO STAKES ME TO THE GROUND I CANNOT MOVE.



WE MEAN WELL IN GOING TO THIS MASK*, BUT 'T IS NO WIT**TO GO.

WHY, MAY ONE ASK?



MY MIND MISGIVES SOME CONSEQUENCE YET HANGING IN THE STARS SHALL BITTERLY BEGIN WITH THIS NIGHT'S REVELS, AND EXPIRE IN UNTIMELY DEATH.



*masquerade
**not wise

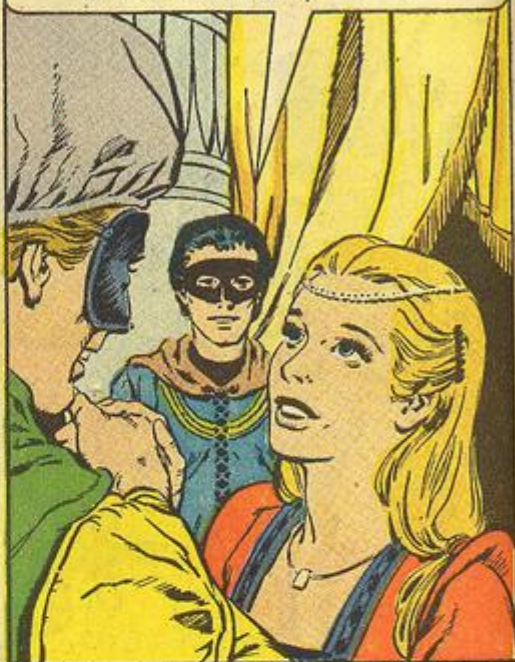
AT THE MASQUERADE, ROMEO SAW JULIET FOR THE FIRST TIME.

WHAT LADY DOTH ENRICH
THE HAND
OF YONDER KNIGHT?

I KNOW NOT,
SIR.



O, SHE DOTH TEACH THE TORCHES
TO BURN BRIGHT!
IT SEEMS SHE HANGS UPON THE
CHEEK OF NIGHT
AS A RICH JEWEL IN AN ETHIOP'S EAR;
BEAUTY TOO RICH FOR USE, FOR
EARTH TOO DEAR!



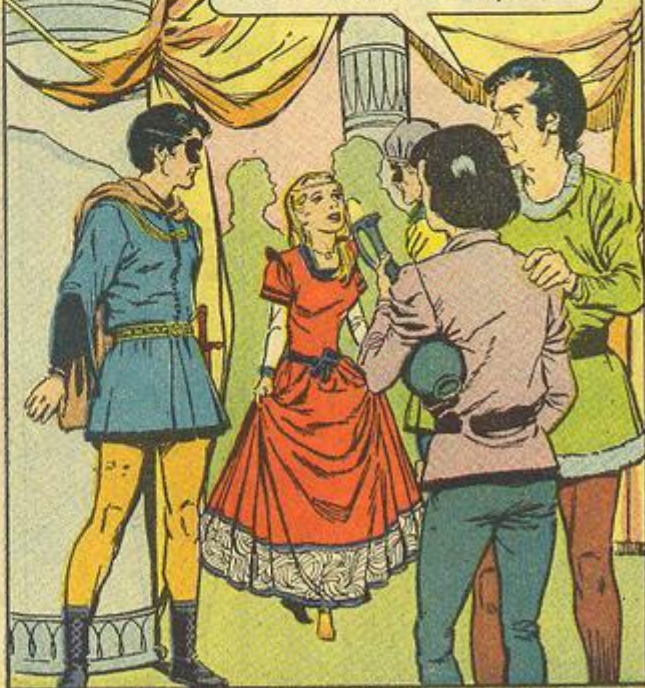
ROMEO IMMEDIATELY FORGOT
ROSALINE, THE GIRL HE
CAME TO SEE.

DID MY HEART LOVE TILL NOW?
FORSWEAR IT, SIGHT!
FOR I NE'ER SAW TRUE BEAUTY
TILL THIS NIGHT.



TYBALT, LADY CAPULET'S NEPHEW,
OVERHEARD ROMEO.

THIS, BY HIS VOICE, SHOULD
BE A MONTAGUE.
FETCH ME MY RAPIER, BOY.



IN A FEW MOMENTS.

NOW, BY THE STOCK AND HONOUR
OF MY KIN,
TO STRIKE HIM DEAD I HOLD IT
NOT A SIN.



WHY, HOW NOW, KINSMAN!
WHEREFORE STORM YOU SO?



UNCLE, THIS IS A
MONTAGUE, OUR FOE.
THAT VILLAIN ROMEO.

LET HIM ALONE,
*A BEARS HIM LIKE
A GENTLEMAN;
AND, TO SAY TRUTH,
VERONA BRAGS
OF HIM
TO BE A VIRTUOUS AND
WELL-GOVERN'D
YOUTH.

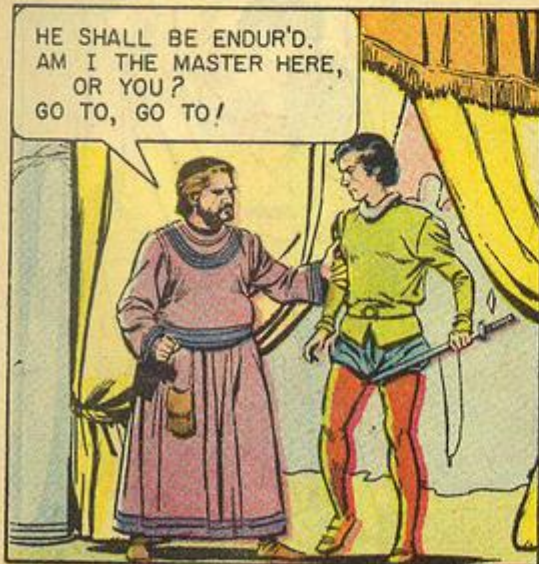


I WOULD NOT FOR THE WEALTH OF
ALL THIS TOWN
HERE IN MY HOUSE DO HIM
DISPARAGEMENT;
THEREFORE BE PATIENT, TAKE NO
NOTE OF HIM;
IT IS MY WILL.

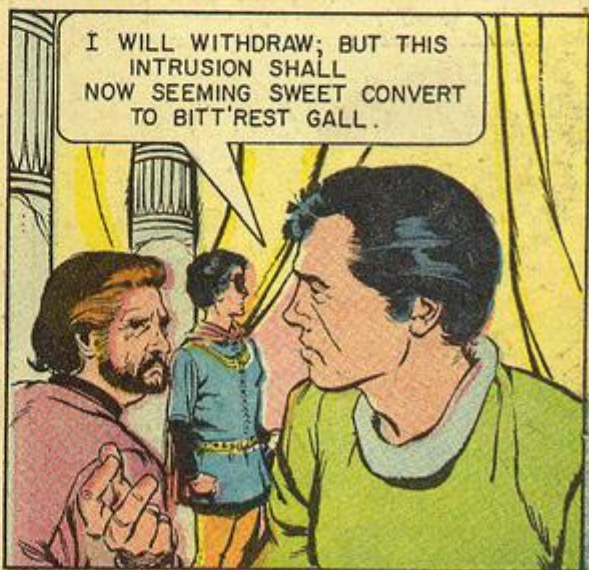
I 'LL NOT
ENDURE HIM.



HE SHALL BE ENDUR'D.
AM I THE MASTER HERE,
OR YOU?
GO TO, GO TO!



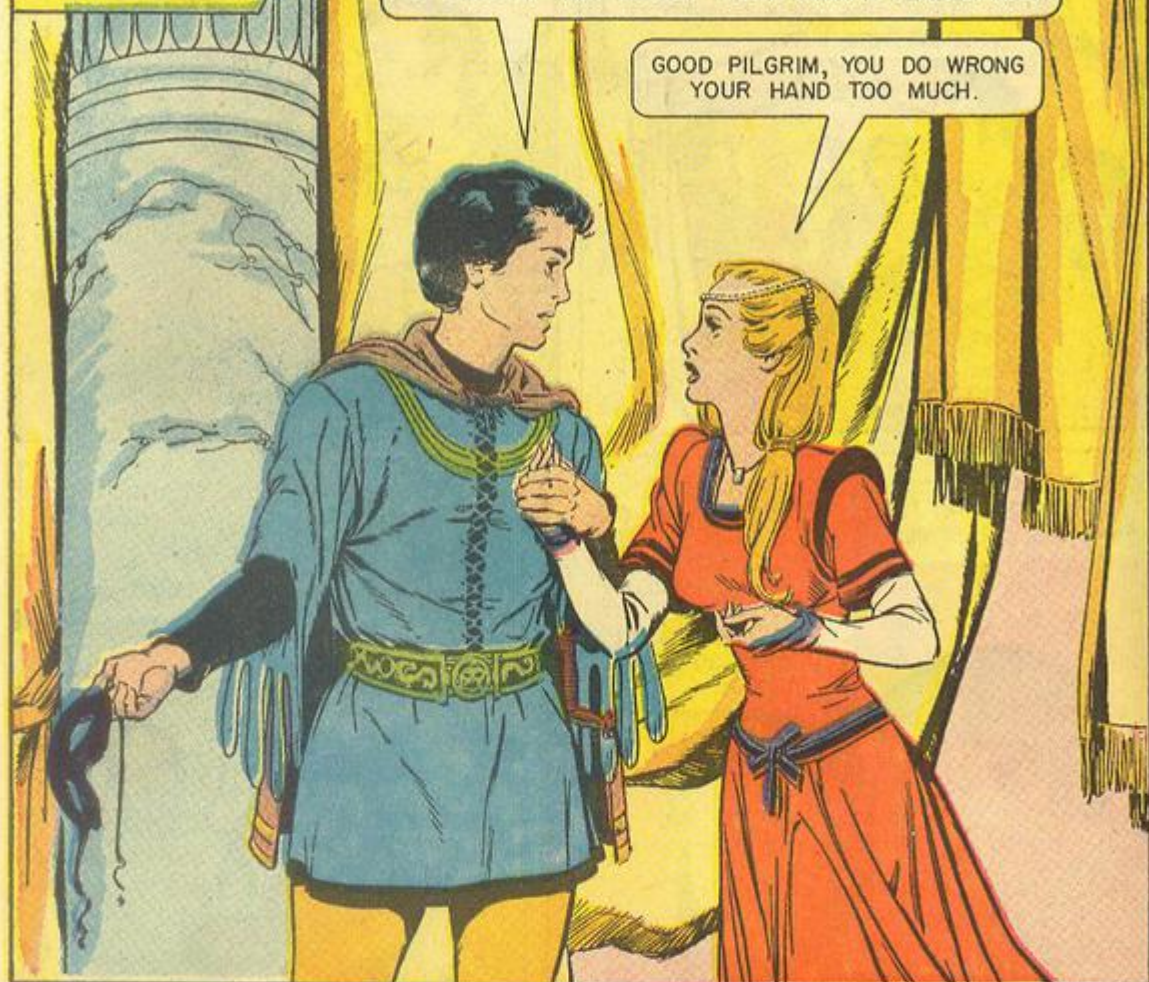
I WILL WITHDRAW; BUT THIS
INTRUSION SHALL
NOW SEEMING SWEET CONVERT
TO BITT'REST GALL.



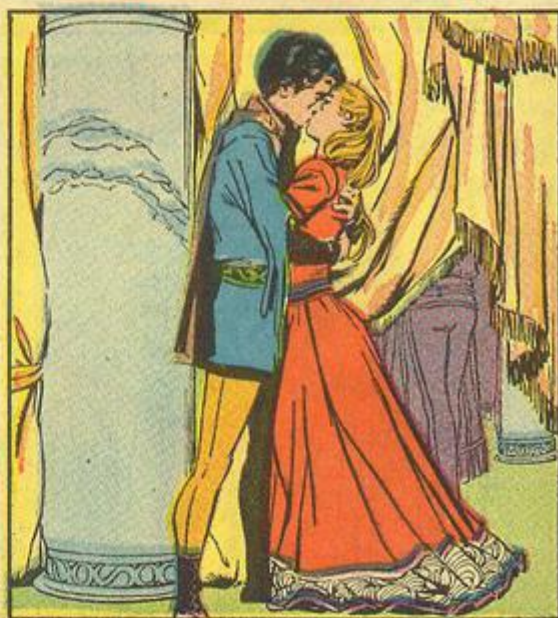
ROMEOWAITED FOR AN
OPPORTUNITY TO
SPEAK TO JULIET.
AT LAST

IF I PROFANE WITH MY UNWORTHIEST HAND
THIS HOLY SHRINE, THE GENTLE FINE IS THIS:
MY LIPS, TWO BLUSHING PILGRIMS, READY STAND
TO SMOOTH THAT ROUGH TOUCH WITH A TENDER KISS.

GOOD PILGRIM, YOU DO WRONG
YOUR HAND TOO MUCH.



O, THEN, DEAR SAINT, LET LIPS
DO WHAT HANDS DO.

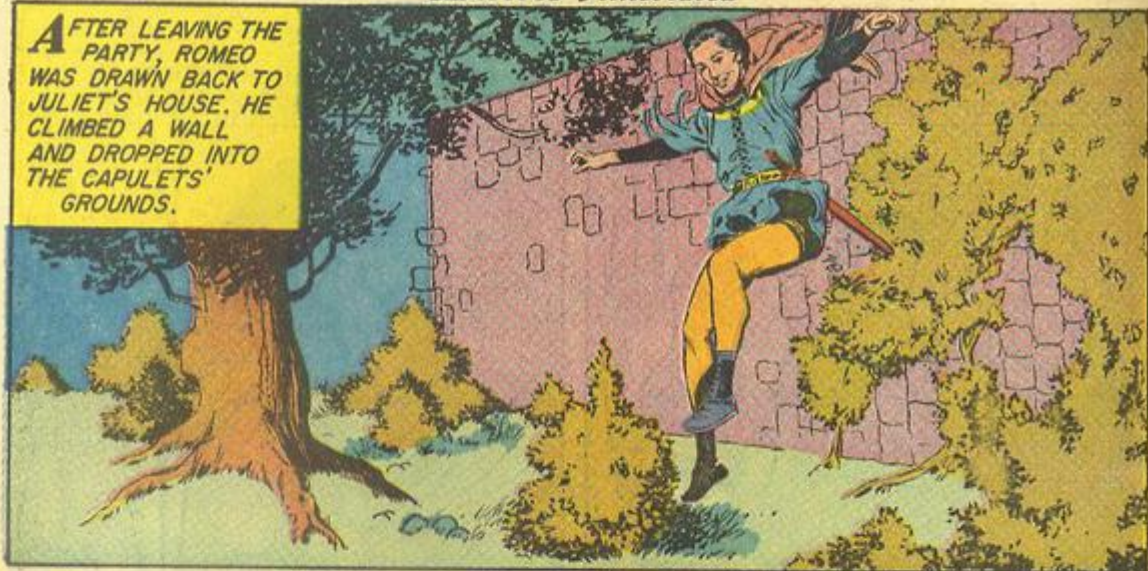




LIKE ROMEO, JULIET HAD FALLEN IN LOVE AT ONCE.



AFTER LEAVING THE PARTY, ROMEO WAS DRAWN BACK TO JULIET'S HOUSE. HE CLIMBED A WALL AND DROPPED INTO THE CAPULETS' GROUNDS.



BENVOLIO AND MERCUTIO FOLLOWED, TRYING TO CATCH UP WITH HIM.



ROMEO! MY
COUSIN ROMEO!

HE RAN THIS WAY, AND LEAP'D
THIS ORCHARD WALL.
CALL, GOOD MERCUTIO.



ROMEO!
MADMAN!
LOVER!



HE HEARETH NOT,
HE STIRRETH NOT,
HE MOVETH NOT.



COME, HE HATH HID HIMSELF
AMONG THESE TREES,
BLIND IS HIS LOVE AND BEST
BEFITS THE DARK.
'T IS IN VAIN
TO SEEK HIM THAT MEANS
NOT TO BE FOUND.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, ROMEO HEARD MERCUTIO AND BENVOLIO LAUGHINGLY DEPART.

HE JESTS AT SCARS THAT NEVER FELT A WOUND.



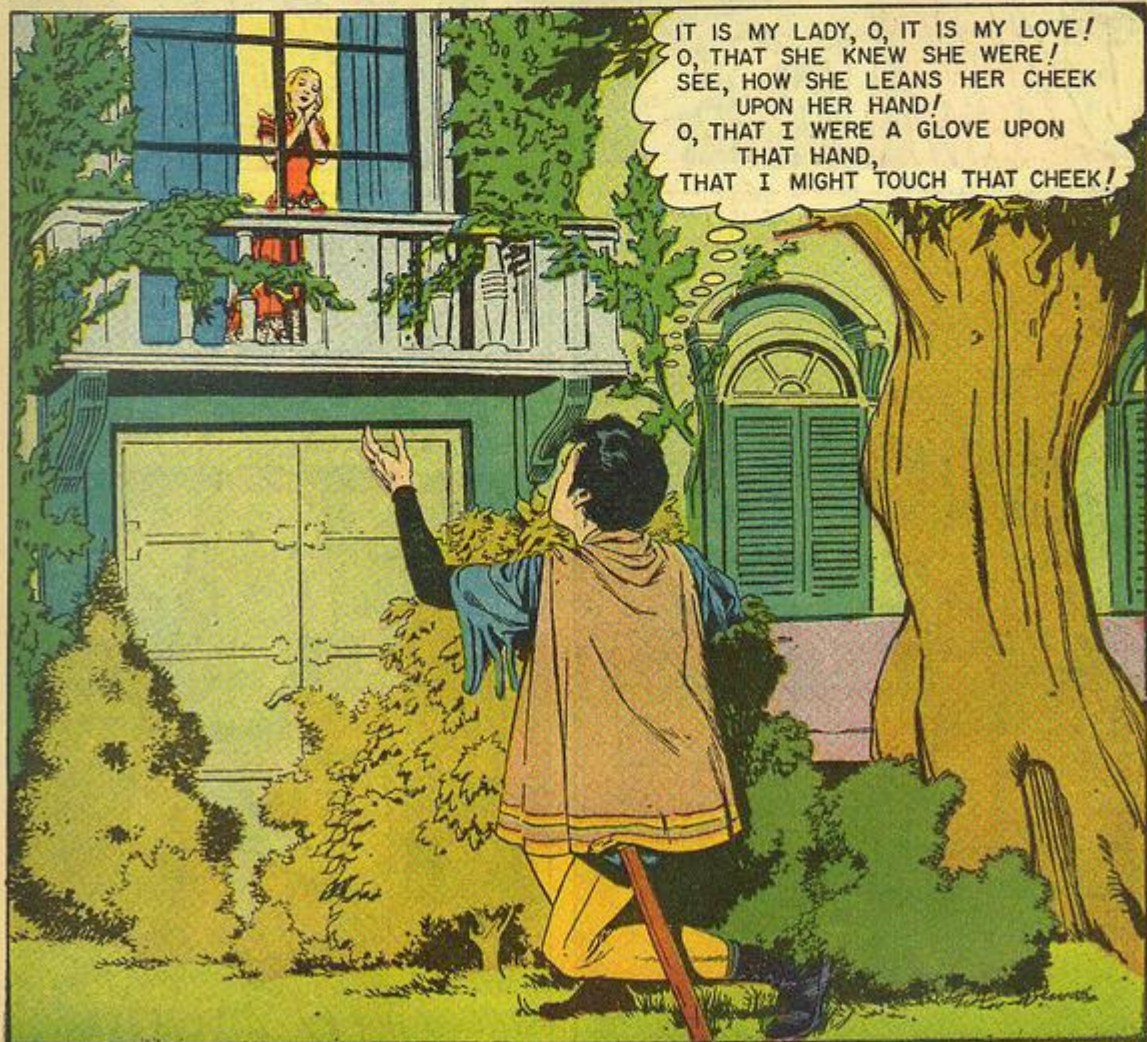
THEN, AS HE TURNED TOWARD THE HOUSE



BUT, SOFT! WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS? IT IS THE EAST, AND JULIET IS THE SUN.

ARISE, FAIR SUN, AND KILL THE ENVIOUS MOON, WHO IS ALREADY SICK AND PALE WITH GRIEF

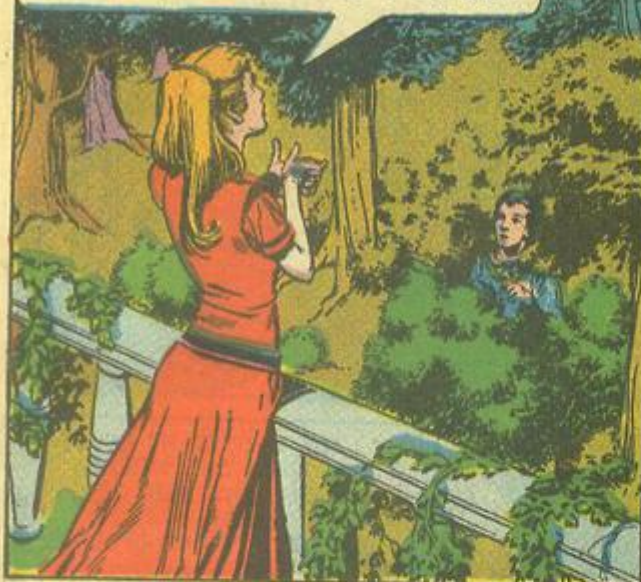
THAT THOU, HER MAID, ART FAR MORE FAIR THAN SHE.



IT IS MY LADY, O, IT IS MY LOVE! O, THAT SHE KNEW SHE WERE! SEE, HOW SHE LEANS HER CHEEK UPON HER HAND! O, THAT I WERE A GLOVE UPON THAT HAND, THAT I MIGHT TOUCH THAT CHEEK!

JULIET, NOT KNOWING THAT ROMEO WAS IN THE ORCHARD, CAME OUT UPON HER BALCONY AND SPOKE ALOUD.

O ROMEO, ROMEO! WHEREFORE ART THOU ROMEO?
DENY THY FATHER AND REFUSE THY NAME;
OR, IF YOU WILT NOT, BE BUT SWORN
MY LOVE,
AND I 'LL NO LONGER BE A CAPULET.



SHALL I HEAR MORE, OR
SHALL I SPEAK AT THIS?



'T IS BUT THY NAME THAT IS MY ENEMY;
WHAT 'S MONTAGUE? IT IS NOR HAND,
NOR FOOT,
NOR ARM, NOR FACE, NOR ANY OTHER
PART
BELONGING TO A MAN.

O, BE SOME OTHER NAME!
WHAT 'S IN A NAME? THAT WHICH WE
CALL A ROSE
BY ANY OTHER WORD WOULD SMELL AS
SWEET;
SO ROMEO WOULD, WERE HE NOT ROMEO
CALL'D,
RETAIN THAT DEAR PERFECTION WHICH
HE OWES*
WITHOUT THAT TITLE.



*possesses

ROMEO, DOFF THY NAME,
AND FOR THY NAME
WHICH IS NO PART
OF THEE
TAKE ALL MYSELF.



I TAKE THEE AT THY
WORD.
CALL ME BUT LOVE,
AND I 'LL BE NEW
BAPTIZ'D;
HENCEFORTH I NEVER
WILL BE ROMEO.

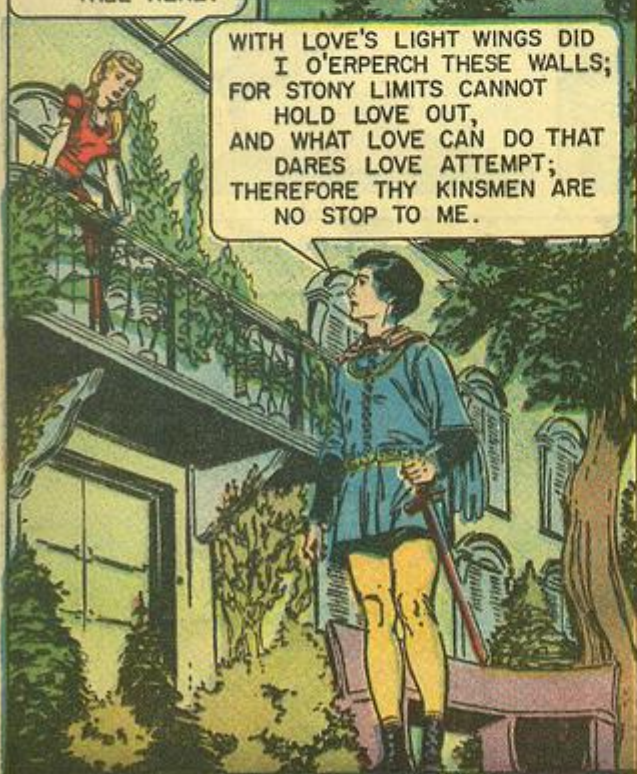


MY EARS HAVE YET NOT DRUNK
A HUNDRED WORDS
OF THY TONGUE'S UTTERING, YET
I KNOW THE SOUND.
ART THOU NOT ROMEO AND A
MONTAGUE?



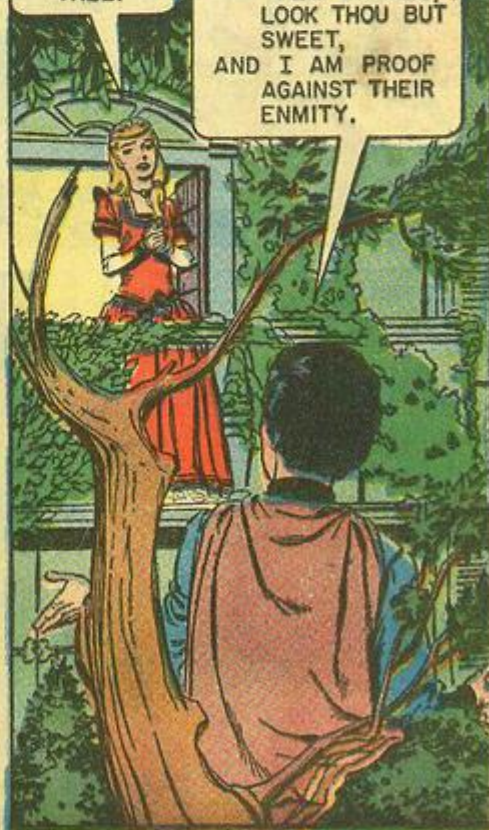
NEITHER, FAIR MAID,
IF EITHER THEE
DISLIKE.

HOW CAN'ST THOU HITHER?
THE ORCHARD WALLS ARE HIGH
AND HARD TO CLIMB,
AND THE PLACE DEATH,
CONSIDERING WHO THOU ART,
IF ANY OF MY KINSMEN FIND
THEE HERE.



WITH LOVE'S LIGHT WINGS DID
I O'ERPERCH THESE WALLS;
FOR STONY LIMITS CANNOT
HOLD LOVE OUT,
AND WHAT LOVE CAN DO THAT
DARES LOVE ATTEMPT;
THEREFORE THY KINSMEN ARE
NO STOP TO ME.

IF THEY DO
SEE THEE,
THEY WILL
MURDER
THEE.



ALACK, THERE LIES
MORE PERIL IN
THINE EYE
THAN TWENTY OF
THEIR SWORDS!
LOOK THOU BUT
SWEET,
AND I AM PROOF
AGAINST THEIR
ENMITY.



ALTHOUGH I JOY IN
THEE,
I HAVE NO JOY OF THIS
CONTRACT TO-NIGHT;
IT IS TOO RASH, TOO
UNADVISED, TOO
SUDDEN,
TOO LIKE THE LIGHTNING,
WHICH DOETH CEASE
TO BE.
ERE ONE CAN SAY
"IT LIGHTENS."



THIS BUD OF LOVE, BY
SUMMER'S RIPENING BREATH,
MAY PROVE A BEAUTEOUS
FLOWER WHEN NEXT WE
MEET.
GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT!



O, WILT THOU
LEAVE ME SO
UNSATISFIED?

WHAT SATISFACTION
CANST THOU HAVE
TO-NIGHT?



TH' EXCHANGE
OF THY LOVE'S
FAITHFUL VOW
FOR MINE.

I GAVE THEE MINE BEFORE
THOU DIDST REQUEST IT;
AND YET I WOULD IT WERE
TO GIVE AGAIN.
MY BOUNTY IS AS BOUNDLESS
AS THE SEA,
MY LOVE AS DEEP; THE MORE
I GIVE TO THEE,
THE MORE I HAVE, FOR BOTH
ARE INFINITE.



I HEAR SOME NOISE
WITHIN;
STAY BUT A LITTLE,
I WILL COME
AGAIN.



JULIET HURRIED INSIDE.

O BLESSED, BLESSED
NIGHT! I AM AFRAID,
BEING IN NIGHT, ALL THIS
IS BUT A DREAM,
TOO FLATTERING-SWEET
TO BE SUBSTANTIAL.



A MOMENT LATER, JULIET REAPPEARED.

IF THY BENT OF LOVE BE
HONOURABLE,
THY PURPOSE MARRIAGE, SEND
ME WORD TO-MORROW,
BY ONE THAT I'LL PROCURE
TO COME TO THEE,
WHERE AND WHAT TIME THOU
WILT PERFORM THE RITE;
AND ALL MY FORTUNES AT THY
FOOT I'LL LAY.

BUT IF THOU
MEANEST NOT
WELL,
I DO BESEECH
THEE,
TO CEASE THY
SUIT, AND
LEAVE ME TO
MY GRIEF.

THEN JULIET WENT IN AGAIN.
BUT AS ROMEO TURNED AWAY...

HIST!
ROMEO,
HIST!

IT IS MY SOUL, THAT
CALLS MY NAME.
HOW SILVER-SWEET
SOUND LOVERS'
TONGUES BY NIGHT,
LIKE SOFTEST MUSIC TO
ATTENDING EARS!



I HAVE FORGOT
WHY I DID CALL
THEE BACK.

LET ME
STAND HERE
TILL THOU
REMEMBER IT.

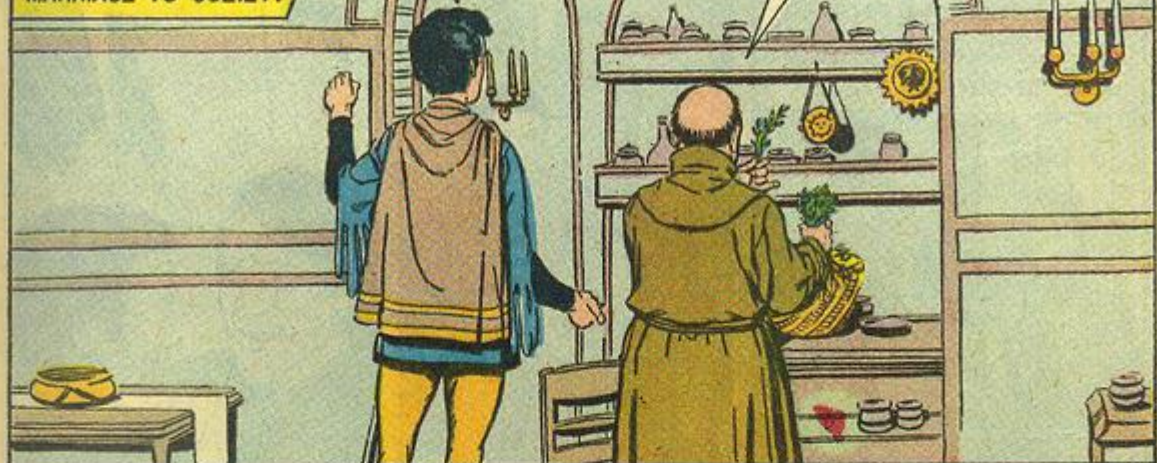
'T IS ALMOST MORNING, I
WOULD HAVE THEE GONE.
GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT!
PARTING IS SUCH
SWEET SORROW,
THAT I SHALL SAY
GOOD-NIGHT TILL IT
BE MORROW.



ROMEOWENT DIRECTLY
TO THE CELL OF
FRIAR LAURENCE TO
ARRANGE FOR HIS
MARRIAGE TO JULIET.

GOOD MORROW,
FATHER.

WHAT EARLY TONGUE SO
SWEET SALUTETH ME?



YOUNG SON, IT ARGUES A DISTEMPERED* HEAD
SO SOON TO BID GOOD MORROW TO THY BED.
OR, THEN HERE I HIT IT RIGHT,
OUR ROMEO HATH NOT BEEN IN BED TO-NIGHT.

THAT LAST IS TRUE.
I HAVE BEEN FEASTING
WITH MINE ENEMY.



*sick

BE PLAIN,
GOOD SON.

THEN PLAINLY KNOW MY HEART'S
DEAR LOVE IS SET
ON THE FAIR DAUGHTER OF
CAPULET.
AS MINE ON HERS, SO HERS IS
SET ON MINE.
AND THIS I PRAY,
THAT THOU CONSENT TO MARRY
US TO-DAY.



IS ROSALINE
SO SOON FORSAKEN?
YOUNG MEN'S
LOVE THEN LIES
NOT TRULY IN THEIR
HEARTS, BUT IN
THEIR EYES.

I PRAY THEE, CHIDE ME
NOT. HER I LOVE
NOW
DOTH LOVE FOR LOVE
ALLOW;
THE OTHER DID NOT SO.



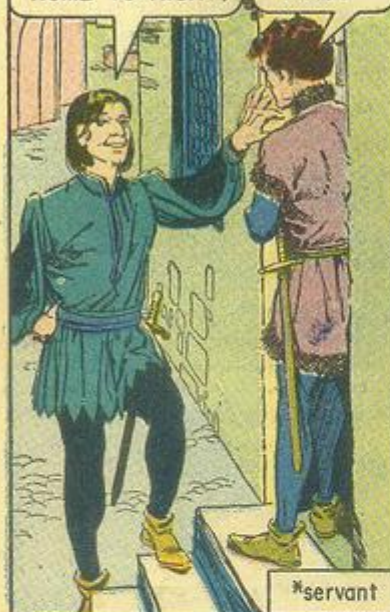
COME, YOUNG WAVERER,
I'LL THY ASSISTANT BE;
FOR THIS ALLIANCE MAY SO HAPPY PROVE,
TO TURN YOUR HOUSEHOLDS' RANCOUR
TO PURE LOVE.



THAT MORNING, MERCUTIO AND BENVOLIO STILL SEARCHED FOR ROMEO.

WHERE THE DEVIL SHOULD THIS ROMEO BE? CAME HE NOT HOME TO-NIGHT?

NOT TO HIS FATHER'S; I SPOKE WITH HIS MAN*.



*servant

TYBALT, THE KINSMAN OF OLD CAPULET, HATH SENT A LETTER TO HIS FATHER'S HOUSE.



A CHALLENGE.

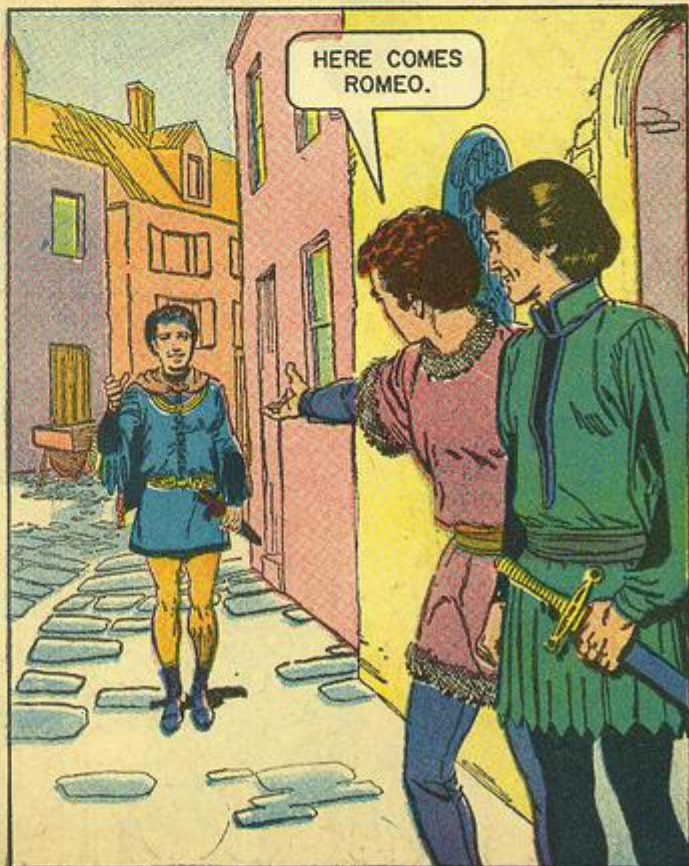
ROMEO WILL ANSWER IT.



ALAS, POOR ROMEO! HE IS ALREADY DEAD; STABBED WITH A WENCH'S EYE. IS HE A MAN TO ENCOUNTER TYBALT, THE VERY BUTCHER OF A DUELLIST?

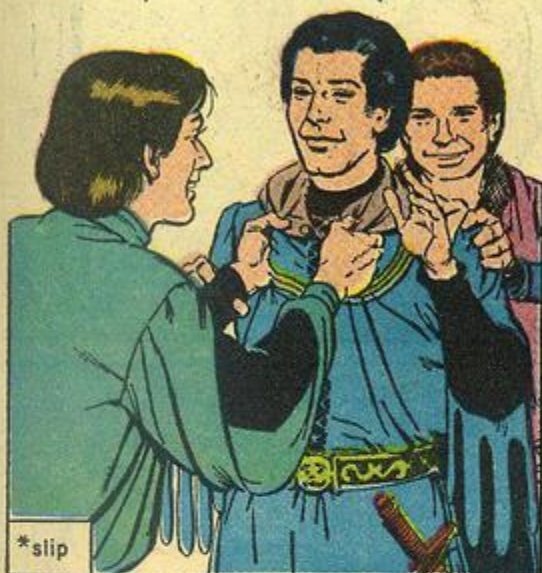


HERE COMES ROMEO.



YOU GAVE US THE
COUNTERFEIT*
FAIRLY LAST NIGHT.

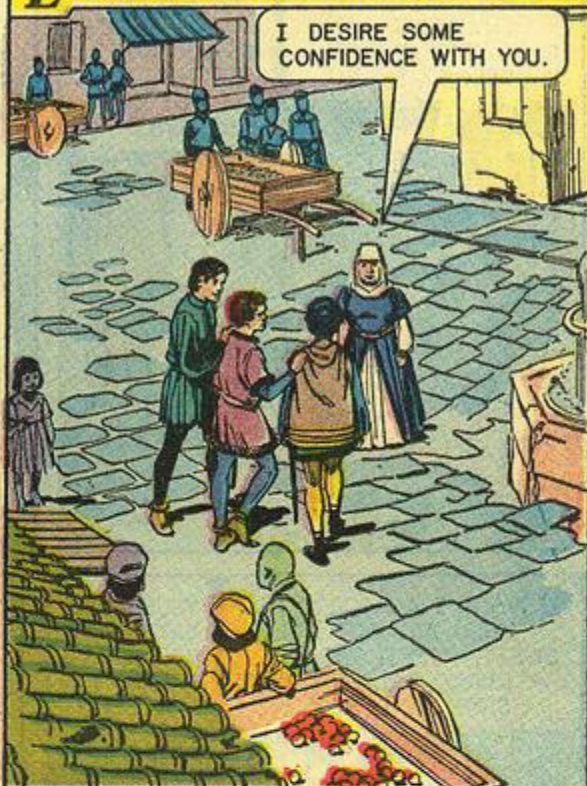
PARDON, GOOD
MERCUTIO; IN
SUCH A CASE AS
MINE A MAN MAY
STRAIN COURTESY.



*slip

LATER, THE YOUNG MEN MET JULIET'S NURSE.

I DESIRE SOME
CONFIDENCE WITH YOU.



MERCUTIO AND BENVOLIO LEFT. THEN . . .

NURSE, COMMEND ME TO THY
LADY.
BID HER DEVISE
SOME MEANS TO COME TO
SHRIFT* THIS AFTERNOON;
AND THERE SHE SHALL AT
FRIAR LAURENCE' CELL
BE MARRIED.

SHE SHALL
BE THERE.

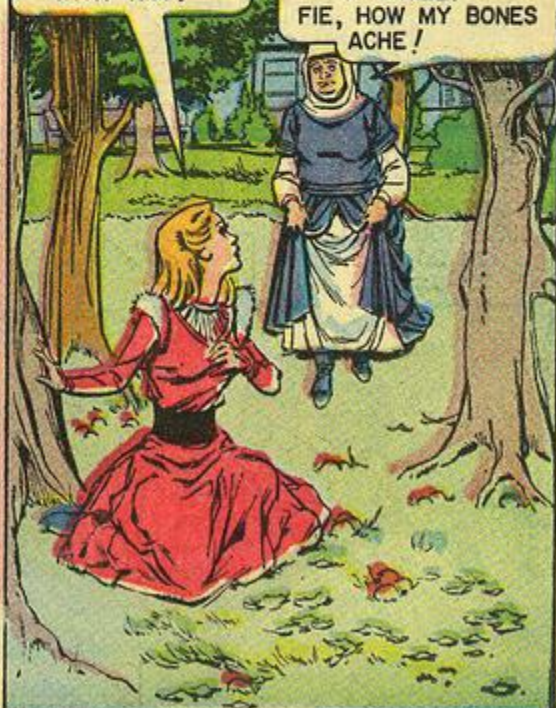


*confession

AT HOME, JULIET WAITED IMPATIENTLY
FOR HER NURSE TO RETURN. AT LAST...

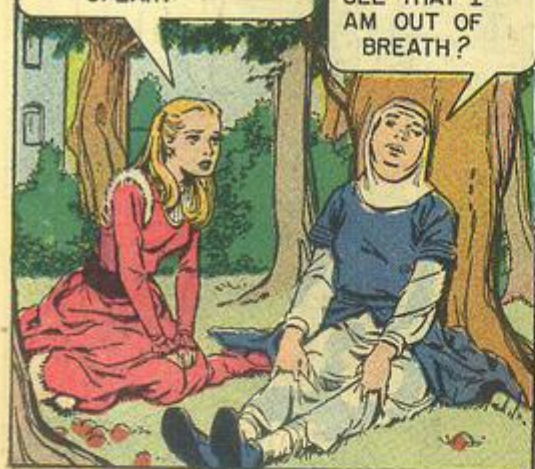
WHAT NEWS?
HAST THOU MET
WITH HIM?

I AM A-WEARY,
GIVE ME LEAVE
A WHILE.
FIE, HOW MY BONES
ACHE!



I WOULD THOU HADST
MY BONES, AND I
THY NEWS.
COME, I PRAY THEE,
SPEAK.

WHAT HASTE!
CAN YOU NOT
STAY A WHILE?
DO YOU NOT
SEE THAT I
AM OUT OF
BREATH?



HOW ART THOU OUT OF BREATH, WHEN THOU
HAST BREATH
TO SAY TO ME THAT THOU ART OUT OF BREATH?
WHAT SAYS HE OF OUR MARRIAGE?

LORD, HOW MY HEAD ACHES!
IT BEATS AS IT WOULD FALL IN
TWENTY PIECES.



I' FAITH, I AM SORRY THAT
THOU ART NOT WELL.
SWEET, SWEET, SWEET
NURSE, TELL ME, WHAT
SAYS MY LOVE?

YOUR LOVE
SAYS --
WHERE IS
YOUR
MOTHER?



WHERE IS MY MOTHER? WHY, SHE
IS WITHIN;
WHERE SHOULD SHE BE? HOW
ODDLY THOU REPLIEST!
"YOUR LOVE SAYS, 'WHERE
IS YOUR MOTHER?'"



ARE YOU SO HOT*?
HENCEFORWARD DO YOUR
MESSAGES YOURSELF.
HAVE YOU GOT LEAVE
TO GO TO SHRIFT
TO-DAY?

I HAVE.



*impatient

THEN HIE YOU HENCE
TO FRIAR LAURENCE'
CELL;
THERE STAYS A HUSBAND
TO MAKE YOU A WIFE.



THAT AFTERNOON, ROMEO
WAITED FOR JULIET AT
PRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL.

COME WHAT SORROW CAN,
IT CANNOT COUNTERVAIL*
THE EXCHANGE OF JOY
THAT ONE SHORT MINUTE
GIVES ME IN HER SIGHT.



DO THOU BUT CLOSE OUR
HANDS WITH HOLY
WORDS,
THEN LOVE-DEVOURING
DEATH DO WHAT HE
DARE;
IT IS ENOUGH I MAY
BUT CALL HER MINE.



THESE VIOLENT DELIGHTS
HAVE VIOLENT ENDS,
AND IN THEIR TRIUMPH DIE,
LIKE FIRE AND POWDER,
WHICH AS THEY KISS
CONSUME.

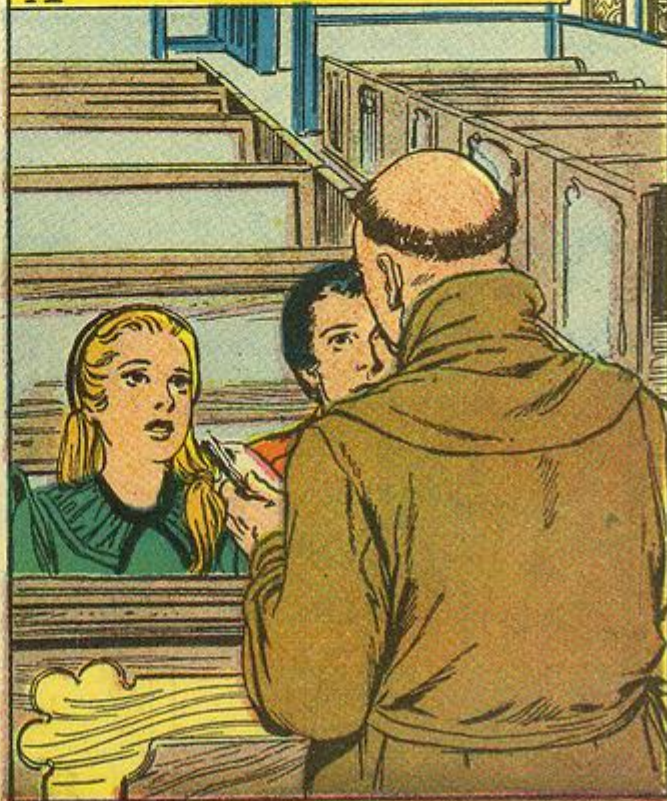


THEN JULIET ARRIVED.

COME, COME
WITH ME.



AND ROMEO AND JULIET WERE MARRIED.



LATER THAT AFTERNOON, BENVOLIO AND MERCUTIO STROLLED THROUGH THE STREETS OF VERONA.

I PRAY THEE, GOOD MERCUTIO, LET 'S RETIRE: THE DAY IS HOT, THE CAPULETS ABROAD, AND, IF WE MEET, WE SHALL NOT SCAPE A BRAWL, FOR NOW, THESE HOT DAYS, IS THE MAD BLOOD STIRRING.



A MOMENT LATER, TYBALT CAME BY, LOOKING FOR ROMEO.

GENTLEMEN, A WORD WITH ONE OF YOU.

COUPLE IT WITH SOMETHING; MAKE IT A WORD AND A BLOW.



BUT TYBALT WAS DETERMINED TO PICK HIS FIGHT WITH ROMEO.

HERE COMES MY MAN. ROMEO, THOU ART A VILLAIN.



ROMEO, NOW WED TO JULIET, DID NOT WISH TO FIGHT HER COUSIN.

I DO PROTEST I NEVER INJURED THEE, BUT LOVE THEE BETTER THAN THOU CANST DEVISE.



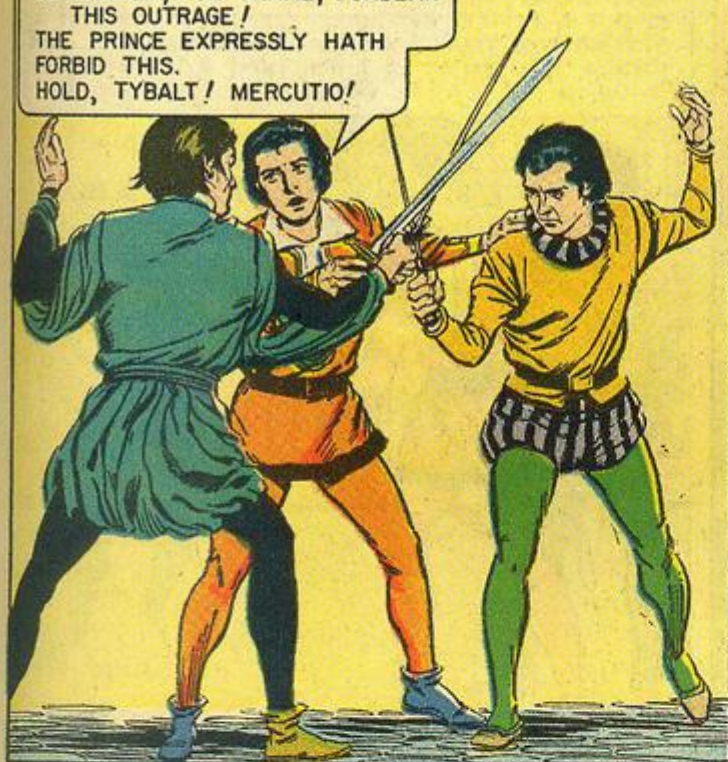
MERCUTIO, NOT KNOWING THE TRUTH, THOUGHT ROMEO WAS A COWARD.

O CALM, DISHONOURABLE, VILE SUBMISSION! TYBALT, PLUCK YOUR SWORD!



ROMEO TRIED TO BEAT DOWN THEIR SWORDS.

GENTLEMEN, FOR SHAME, FORBEAR
THIS OUTRAGE!
THE PRINCE EXPRESSLY HATH
FORBID THIS.
HOLD, TYBALT! MERCUTIO!



AS ROMEO TRIED TO STOP
THE FIGHT, TYBALT
REACHED UNDER ROMEO'S
ARM AND STABBED MERCUTIO.



TYBALT FLED AS
MERCUTIO FELL.

I AM HURT.
A PLAGUE O'
BOTH YOUR
HOUSES!



COURAGE,
MAN; THE
HURT
CANNOT
BE MUCH.

NO, 'T IS NOT SO
DEEP AS A WELL,
NOR SO WIDE AS A
CHURCH-DOOR; BUT
'T IS ENOUGH: ASK
FOR ME TO-MORROW,
AND YOU SHALL
FIND ME A GRAVE
MAN. WHY THE
DEVIL CAME YOU
BETWEEN US? I
WAS HURT UNDER
YOUR ARM.



HELP ME INTO SOME
HOUSE, BENVOLIO.
THEY HAVE MADE
WORMS' MEAT OF ME.



BENVOLIO HELPED MERCUTIO INTO A NEARBY HOUSE. A FEW MINUTES LATER

O ROMEO, ROMEO, BRAVE MERCUTIO'S DEAD!

MY FRIEND HATH GOT HIS MORTAL HURT IN MY BEHALF. O SWEET JULIET, THY BEAUTY HATH MADE ME EFFEMINATE AND IN MY TEMPER SOFTEN'D VALOUR'S STEEL!



AT THAT MOMENT, TYBALT REAPPEARED.

NOW, TYBALT, MERCUTIO'S SOUL IS BUT A LITTLE WAY ABOVE OUR HEADS, STAYING FOR THINE TO KEEP HIM COMPANY. EITHER THOU, OR I, OR BOTH, MUST GO WITH HIM.



THEY FOUGHT BITTERLY. TYBALT WAS SLAIN.



ROMEO, AWAY, BE GONE! THE PRINCE WILL DOOM THEE DEATH IF THOU ART TAKEN.



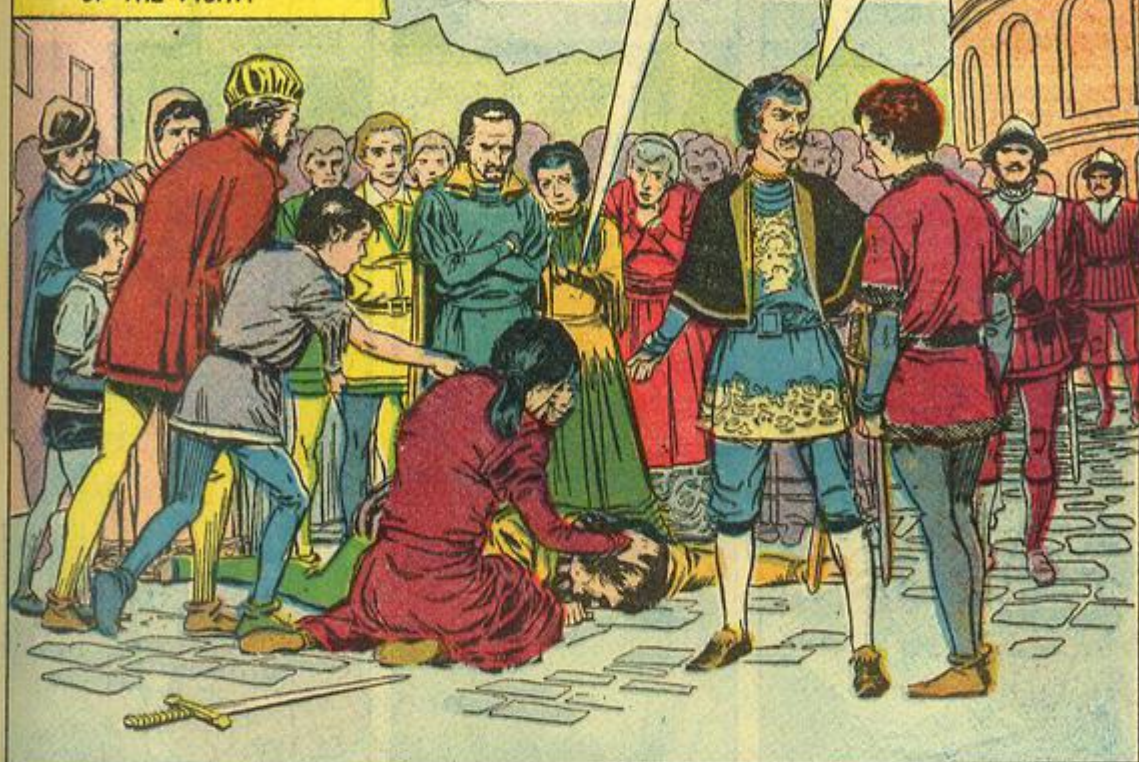
O, I AM FORTUNE'S FOOL!



AS ROMEO FLED, A CROWD GATHERED AT THE SCENE OF THE FIGHT.

TYBALT! O MY BROTHER'S CHILD!

BENVOLIO, WHO BEGAN THIS BLOODY FRAY?



BENVOLIO TOLD HOW ROMEO HAD KILLED TYBALT TO AVENGE TYBALT'S SLAYING OF MERCUTIO.

HE SPEAKS NOT TRUE. I BEG FOR JUSTICE, WHICH THOU, PRINCE, MUST GIVE; ROMEO SLEW TYBALT, ROMEO MUST NOT LIVE.



ROMEO SLEW HIM, HE SLEW MERCUTIO; WHO NOW THE PRICE OF BLOOD DOETH OWE?



THEN THE PRINCE PROCLAIMED THAT ROMEO WAS TO BE EXILED FROM THE CITY OF VERONA AS HIS PUNISHMENT FOR KILLING TYBALT.

I WILL BE DEAF TO PLEADING AND EXCUSES; LET ROMEO HENCE IN HASTE, ELSE, WHEN HE'S FOUND, THAT HOUR IS HIS LAST.



THAT EVENING, JULIET, UNAWARE OF THE TWO DEATHS AND ROMEO'S SENTENCE, WAITED FOR HER HUSBAND.

NOW, NURSE, WHAT NEWS? WHY DOST THOU WRING THY HANDS?

HE'S DEAD, HE'S DEAD, HE'S DEAD!



CAN HEAVEN BE SO ENVIOUS?
HATH ROMEO SLAIN HIMSELF?

TYBALT IS GONE, AND ROMEO THAT KILL'D HIM, IS BANISHED.



O GOD! DID ROMEO'S HAND SHED TYBALT'S BLOOD?

IT DID, IT DID! SHAME COME TO ROMEO!



BLISTER'D BE THY TONGUE FOR SUCH A WISH!

WILL YOU SPEAK WELL OF HIM THAT KILL'D YOUR COUSIN?



SHALL I SPEAK ILL OF HIM THAT IS MY HUSBAND?



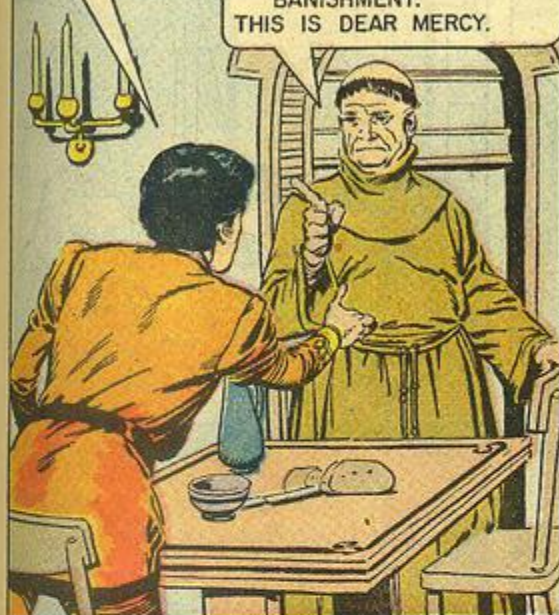
O, FIND HIM! BID HIM COME TO TAKE HIS LAST FAREWELL.



ROMEO WAITED IN FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL FOR NEWS OF HIS SENTENCE.

FATHER, WHAT NEWS? WHAT IS THE PRINCE'S DOOM?

THY FAULT OUR LAW CALLS DEATH; BUT THE KIND PRINCE, HATH TURN'D THAT BLACK WORD DEATH TO BANISHMENT. THIS IS DEAR MERCY.



'T IS TORTURE, AND NOT MERCY. HEAVEN IS HERE, WHERE JULIET LIVES; AND EVERY CAT AND DOG AND LITTLE MOUSE, EVERY UNWORTHY THING, MAY LOOK ON HER; BUT ROMEO MAY NOT.

HEAR ME A LITTLE SPEAK.



THOU CANST NOT SPEAK OF THAT THOU DOST NOT FEEL.

WERT THOU AS YOUNG AS I, JULIET THY LOVE, AN HOUR BUT MARRIED, TYBALT MURDERED, DOTING LIKE ME AND LIKE ME BANISHED, THEN MIGHTST THOU SPEAK, THEN MIGHTST THOU TEAR THY HAIR, AS I DO NOW.

THEN JULIET'S NURSE ENTERED.

WHAT SAYS MY LADY TO OUR CANCELL'D LOVE?

O, SHE SAYS NOTHING, SIR, BUT WEEPS AND WEEPS.



GO, GET THEE TO THY LOVE, AND COMFORT HER. BUT LOOK THOU STAY NOT TILL THE WATCH BE SET*, FOR THEN THOU CANST NOT PASS TO MANTUA, WHERE THOU SHALT LIVE TILL WE CAN FIND A TIME TO BLAZE** YOUR MARRIAGE, RECONCILE YOUR FRIENDS, BEG PARDON OF THE PRINCE, AND CALL THEE BACK.



* down
** announce



AT THE CAPULET HOME THAT NIGHT, PARIS CAME TO GET JULIET'S ANSWER TO HIS PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

THINGS HAVE FALLEN OUT, SIR, SO UNLUCKILY THAT WE HAVE HAD NO TIME TO MOVE OUR DAUGHTER: SHE LOV'D HER KINSMAN TYBALT DEARLY.

THESE TIMES OF WOE AFFORD NO TIMES TO WOO.

SIR PARIS, I THINK SHE WILL BE RUL'D BY ME. WIFE, ACQUAINT HER OF PARIS' LOVE; AND BID HER--WHAT DAY IS THIS?



MONDAY, MY LORD.

WELL, O' THURSDAY LET IT BE, --O' THURSDAY, TELL HER, SHE SHALL BE MARRIED TO THIS NOBLE EARL.

DO YOU LIKE THIS HASTE? WHAT SAY YOU TO THURSDAY?

MY LORD, I WOULD THAT THURSDAY WERE TO-MORROW.

WELL, THURSDAY BE IT, THEN. FAREWELL.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, ROMEO HAD TO LEAVE JULIET FOR EXILE IN MANTUA.

NIGHT'S CANDLES ARE
BURNT OUT, AND DAY
STANDS TIPTOE ON THE
MISTY MOUNTAIN TOPS:
I MUST BE GONE AND
LIVE, OR STAY
AND DIE.

YOND LIGHT IS NOT
DAY-LIGHT.
IT IS SOME METEOR
TO LIGHT THEE ON
THY WAY TO
MANTUA;
THEREFORE STAY YET;
THOU NEED'ST
NOT BE GONE.

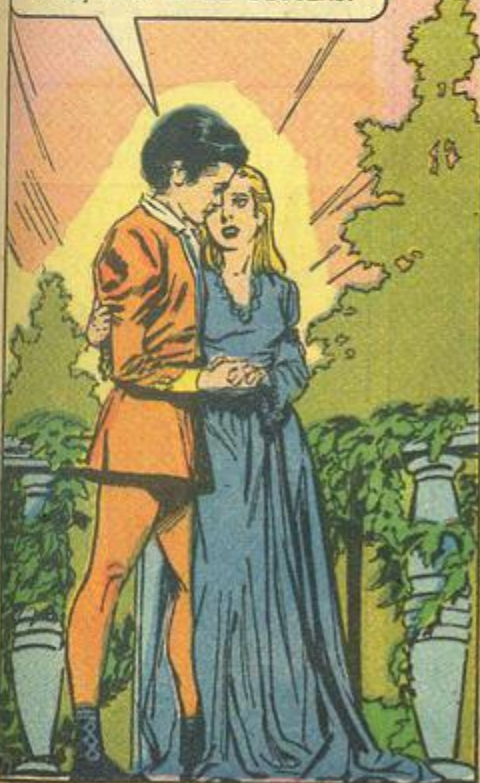


BUT A MOMENT LATER . . .

MADAM! YOUR MOTHER IS COMING
TO YOUR CHAMBER:
THE DAY IS BROKE; BE WARY,
LOOK ABOUT.



FAREWELL, FAREWELL! ONE
KISS, AND I 'LL DESCEND.



LATER . . .

METHINKS I SEE THEE,
NOW THOU ART BELOW,
AS ONE DEAD IN THE
BOTTOM OF A TOMB.
EITHER MY EYESIGHT
FAILS, OR THOU
LOOK'ST PALE.

LOVE, IN MY EYE
SO DO YOU;
DRY SORROW
DRINKS OUR
BLOOD. ADIEU,
ADIEU!



LADY CAPULET CAME TO TELL JULIET THAT THE MARRIAGE WITH PARIS HAD BEEN ARRANGED.

EARLY NEXT THURSDAY MORN,
THE GALLANT PARIS
SHALL MAKE THEE
A JOYFUL BRIDE.

I WONDER AT THIS
HASTE; THAT I
MUST WED
ERE HE THAT SHOULD
BE HUSBAND COMES
TO WOO.
I PRAY YOU, TELL MY
FATHER
I WILL NOT MARRY YET.



HERE COMES YOUR FATHER; TELL
HIM SO YOURSELF,
AND SEE HOW HE WILL TAKE IT.



HOW NOW, WIFE!
HAVE YOU DELIVERED
OUR DECREE?

AY, SIR; BUT
SHE WILL NONE.



JULIET TOLD HER
FATHER SHE WOULD
NOT MARRY PARIS.

DISOBEDIENT WRETCH!
GET THEE TO CHURCH
O' THURSDAY,
OR NEVER AFTER LOOK
ME IN THE FACE.



WHEN HER PARENTS LEFT,
JULIET REALIZED THAT
FRIAR LAURENCE WAS THE
ONLY ONE WHO COULD
HELP HER.

GO TELL MY LADY I AM GONE
TO LAURENCE' CELL TO
MAKE CONFESSION.



AT THE FRIAR'S CELL

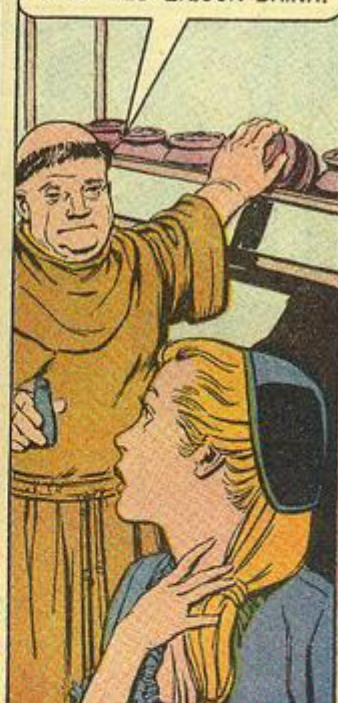
GOD JOIN'D MY HEART AND
ROMEO'S, THOU OUR HANDS;
AND ERE THIS HAND
SHALL BE THE LABEL TO
ANOTHER DEED,
OR MY TRUE HEART
TURN TO ANOTHER, THIS SHALL
SLAY THEM BOTH.



HOLD, DAUGHTER!
IF THOU HAST THE STRENGTH
OF WILL TO SLAY THYSELF,
THEN IS IT LIKELY THOU
WILT UNDERTAKE
A THING LIKE DEATH.



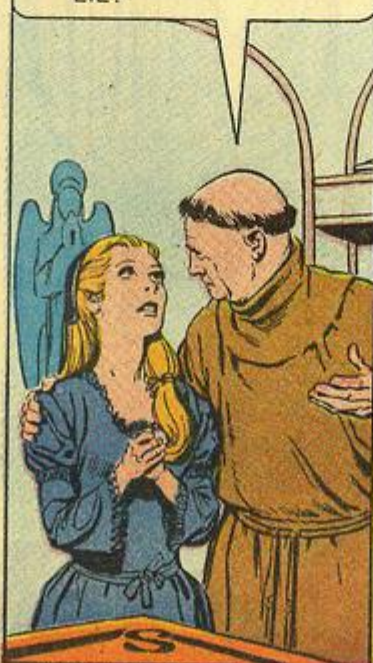
GO HOME, GIVE CONSENT
TO MARRY PARIS.
TO-MORROW NIGHT TAKE
THOU THIS VIAL,
AND THIS LIQUOR DRINK.



THE ROSES IN THY LIPS AND
CHEEKS SHALL FADE;
EACH PART SHALL, STIFF
AND STARK AND COLD,
APPEAR LIKE DEATH:
AND IN THIS BORROWED
LIKENESS OF DEATH
THOU SHALT CONTINUE
AND THEN AWAKE AS FROM
A PLEASANT SLEEP.



NOW, WHEN MORNING COMES,
THERE ART THOU DEAD:
THEN, THOU SHALL BE
BORNE TO THAT ANCIENT
VAULT
WHERE ALL THE CAPULETS
LIE.



IN THE MEAN TIME,
SHALL ROMEO BY MY
LETTERS KNOW OUR
DRIFT;
HE AND I WILL WATCH
THY WAKING, AND THAT
VERY NIGHT
SHALL ROMEO BEAR THEE
HENCE TO MANTUA.

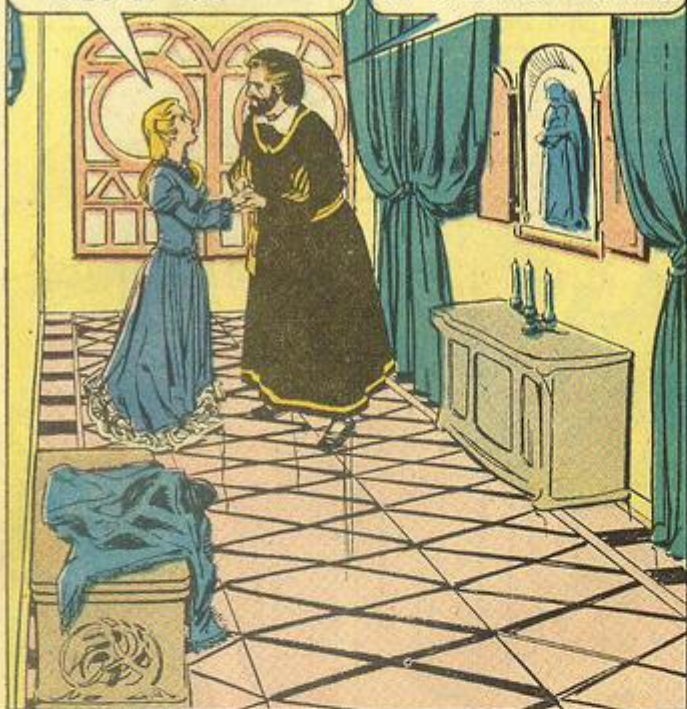


LOVE GIVE ME
STRENGTH! FAREWELL,
DEAR FATHER!

WHEN JULIET RETURNED HOME

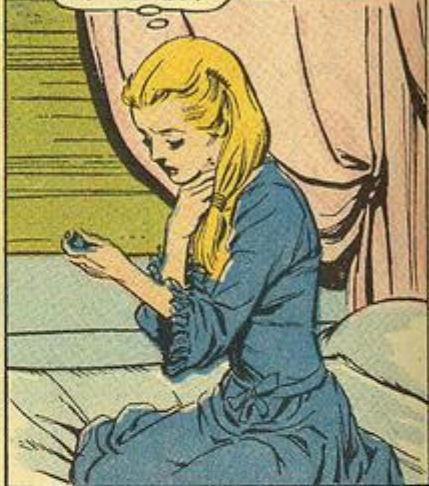
PARDON, I BESEECH YOU!
HENCEFORWARD I AM EVER
RUL'D BY YOU.

I AM GLAD ON 'T. I 'LL
HAVE THIS KNOT KNIT
UP TO-MORROW MORNING.



**WITH THE WEDDING SET FOR
THE FOLLOWING DAY, JULIET
HAD TO DRINK THE FRIAR'S POTION
THAT NIGHT. AT THE LAST MOMENT
SHE WAS SEIZED WITH FEAR.**

WHAT IF IT BE A POISON, WHICH
THE FRIAR
HATH MINISTER'D TO HAVE ME
DEAD,
LEST IN THIS MARRIAGE HE
SHOULD BE DISHONOUR'D,
BECAUSE HE MARRIED ME BEFORE
TO ROMEO?



HOW IF I WAKE BEFORE
THE TIME THAT ROMEO
COME TO REDEEM ME?
SHALL I NOT THEN BE
STIFLED IN THE VAULTS
AND THERE DIE STRANGLER
ERE MY ROMEO COMES?



**BUT HER LOVE FOR ROMEO
OVERCAME HER FEAR.**

ROMEO, I COME!
THIS DO I DRINK
TO THEE.



THE NEXT MORNING

MISTRESS, MISTRESS!
HOW SOUND IS SHE ASLEEP!
I NEEDS MUST WAKE HER.



THEN

HELP, HELP!
MY LADY'S
DEAD!



LADY CAPULET RAN TO THE ROOM.

O ME! MY CHILD,
MY ONLY LIFE!



A MOMENT LATER, CAPULET CAME IN TO ANNOUNCE THAT PARIS HAD ARRIVED.

BRING JULIET
FORTH; HER
LORD IS
COME.

ALACK THE
DAY, SHE'S
DEAD, SHE'S
DEAD, SHE'S
DEAD!



THEN FRIAR LAURENCE AND PARIS ENTERED.

COME,
IS THE
BRIDE
READY
TO GO
TO
CHURCH?

READY TO GO,
BUT NEVER
TO RETURN.
DEATH LIES ON
HER LIKE AN
UNTIMELY
FROST
UPON THE
SWEETEST
FLOWER OF
ALL THE
FIELD.

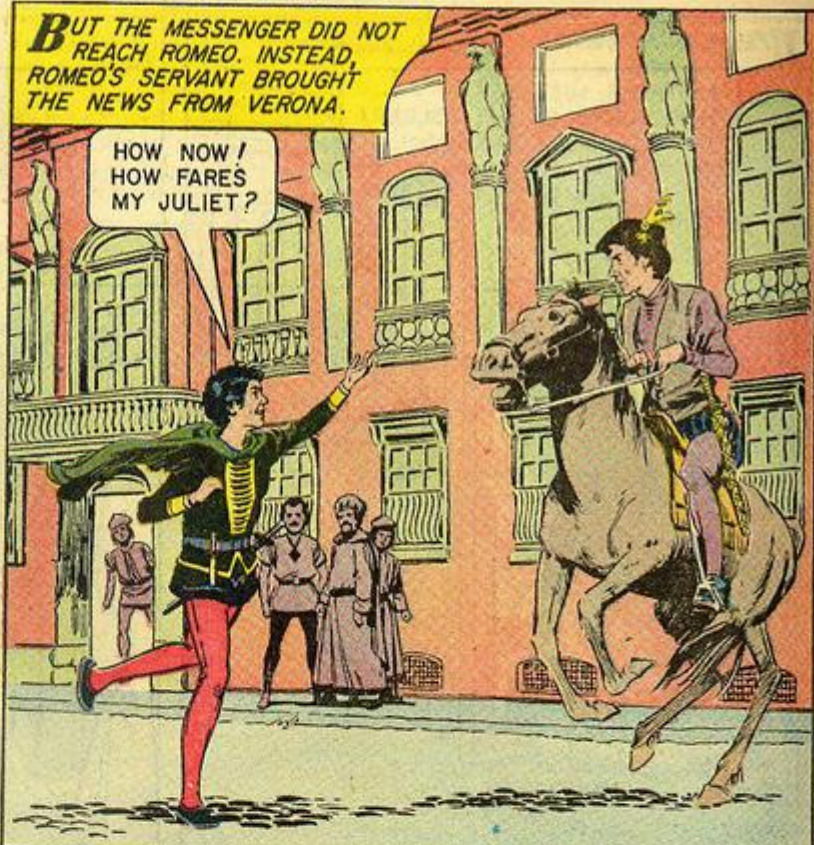


AFTER JULIET WAS CARRIED TO THE CAPULET'S BURIAL VAULT, FRIAR LAURENCE SENT A MESSAGE TO ROMEO TELLING HIM WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



BUT THE MESSENGER DID NOT REACH ROMEO. INSTEAD, ROMEO'S SERVANT BROUGHT THE NEWS FROM VERONA.

HOW NOW!
HOW FARES
MY JULIET?



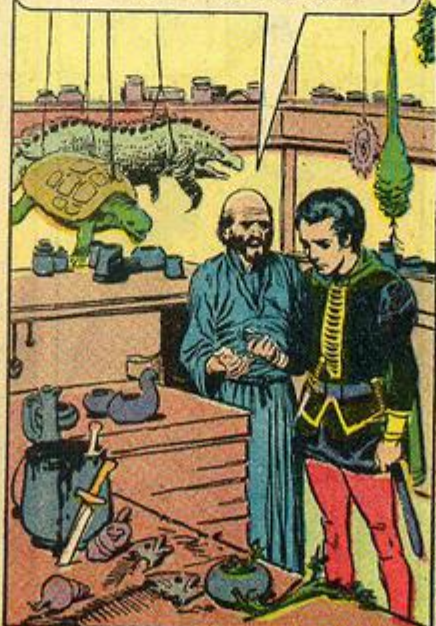
HER BODY SLEEPS IN CAPEL'S MONUMENT. I SAW HER LAID LOW IN HER KINDRED'S VAULT.

IS IT EVEN SO?
THEN I
DEFY YOU,
STARS!
HIRE POST-
HORSES; I
WILL HENCE
TO-NIGHT.



ROMEO HURRIED TO AN APOTHECARY SHOP AND BOUGHT POISON.

DRINK IT OFF, AND, IF YOU HAD THE STRENGTH OF TWENTY MEN, IT WOULD DISPATCH YOU STRAIGHT.



AND HE RODE TO VERONA.



WHEN FRIAR LAURENCE'S MESSENGER RETURNED

FRIAR JOHN, WELCOME FROM MANTUA! WHAT SAYS ROMEO?



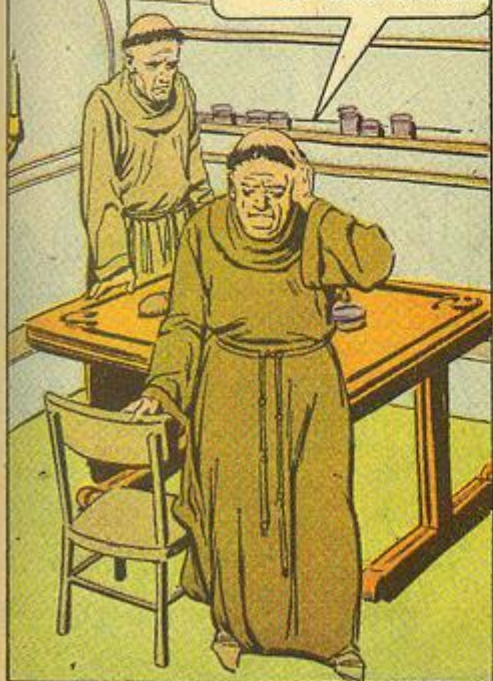
FRIAR JOHN TOLD FRIAR LAURENCE HE WAS UNABLE TO GET TO ROMEO.

WHO BARE MY LETTER, THEN?

I COULD NOT SEND IT--HERE IT IS AGAIN.



UNHAPPY FORTUNE! THE LETTER WAS FULL OF CHARGE, NEGLECTING IT MAY DO MUCH DANGER.



AFTER FRIAR JOHN LEFT.

NOW MUST I TO THE MONUMENT, WITHIN THIS THREE HOURS WILL FAIR JULIET WAKE. I WILL WRITE AGAIN TO MANTUA, AND KEEP HER AT MY CELL TILL ROMEO COME.



THAT NIGHT, PARIS WENT TO THE TOMB OF THE CAPULETS WITH FLOWERS FOR JULIET'S GRAVE.



WHEN ROMEO ARRIVED, PARIS HID. HE SAW ROMEO PRY OPEN THE TOMB AND THOUGHT THAT HE HAD COME TO MOLEST THE BODIES OF TYBALT AND JULIET.

STOP, VILE MONTAGUE!
CAN VENGEANCE BE
PURSUED FURTHER
THAN DEATH?



TEMPT NOT A DESPERATE
MAN;
FLY HENCE, AND LEAVE ME;
PUT NOT ANOTHER SIN UPON
MY HEAD,
BY URGING ME TO FURY.



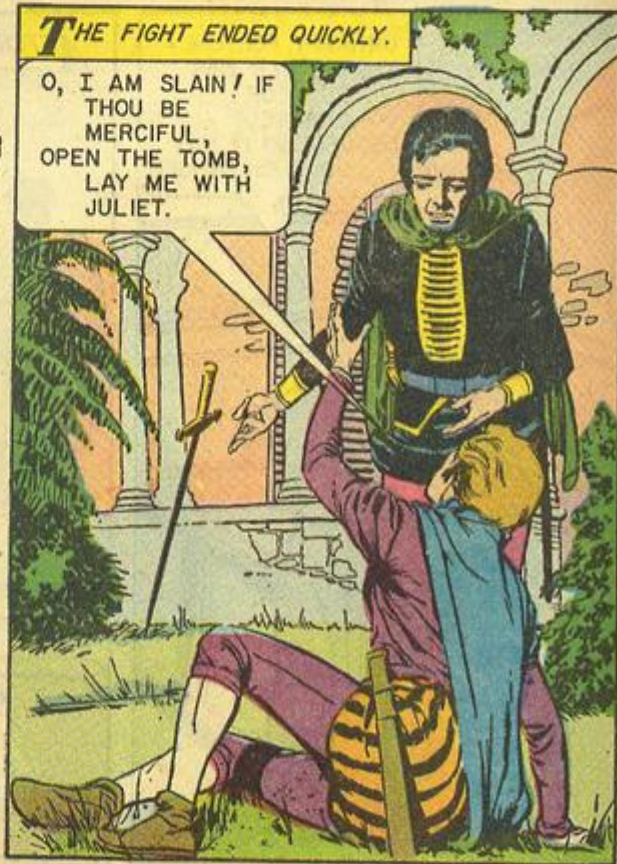
I DO
DEFY
THEE.

WILT THOU PROVOKE
ME? THEN HAVE
AT THEE!



THE FIGHT ENDED QUICKLY.

O, I AM SLAIN! IF
THOU BE
MERCIFUL,
OPEN THE TOMB,
LAY ME WITH
JULIET.



ROMEO
CARRIED
PARIS INTO
THE TOMB.

I 'LL BURY THEE IN A
TRIUMPHANT GRAVE.



THEN

O MY LOVE! MY WIFE!
DEATH HATH HAD NO POWER
YET UPON THY BEAUTY.
HERE I WILL STAY WITH THEE,
AND NEVER FROM THIS PALACE
OF DIM NIGHT
DEPART AGAIN.



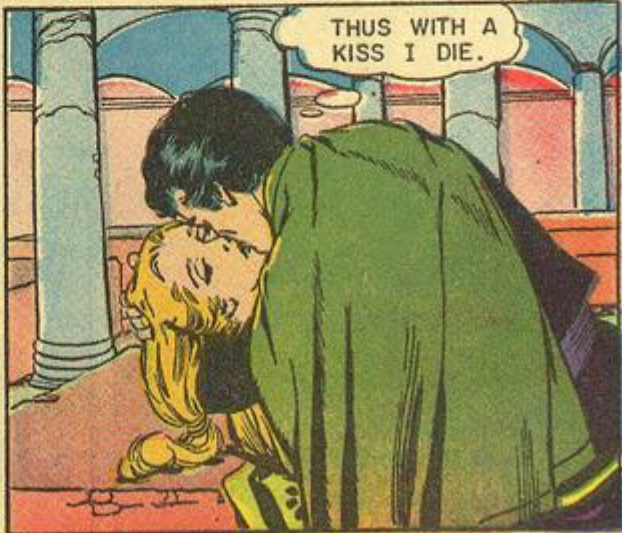
EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST!
ARMS, TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE!
AND, LIPS,
SEAL WITH A RIGHTEOUS KISS
A DATELESS BARGAIN TO ENGROSSING
DEATH!



HERE 'S TO
MY LOVE!



THUS WITH A
KISS I DIE.



AS ROMEO FELL DEAD WITHIN THE TOMB, FRIAR LAURENCE ARRIVED AND DISCOVERED THE SWORDS OF ROMEO AND PARIS AT THE ENTRANCE.

WHAT MEAN THESE GORY SWORDS TO LIE BY THIS PLACE OF PEACE?



HE WENT INTO THE TOMB.

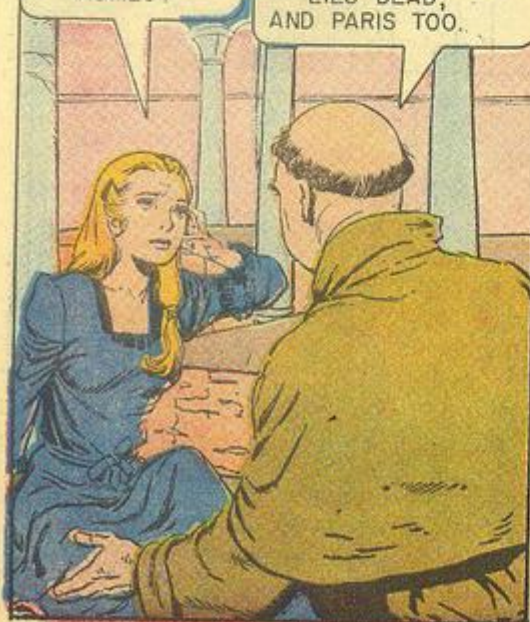
ROMEO! WHAT, PARIS, TOO?



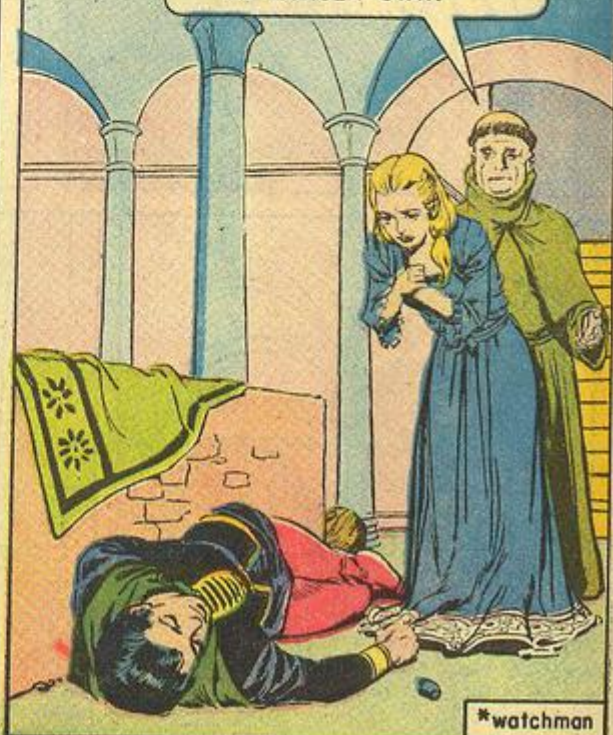
AT THAT MOMENT, JULIET AWOKE.

I DO REMEMBER WELL WHERE I SHOULD BE, AND THERE I AM. WHERE IS MY ROMEO?

LADY, A GREATER POWER THAN WE HATH THWARTED OUR INTENTS. COME, COME AWAY: THY HUSBAND THERE LIES DEAD; AND PARIS TOO.



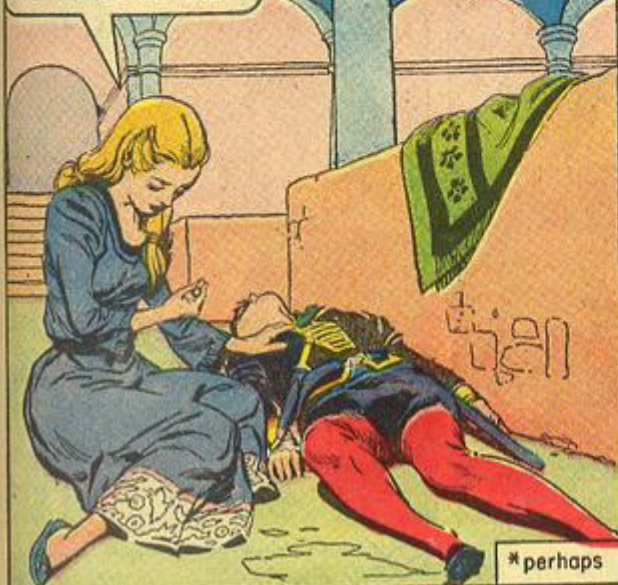
STAY NOT TO QUESTION, FOR THE WATCH* IS COMING; COME, GOOD JULIET, I DARE NO LONGER STAY.



*watchman

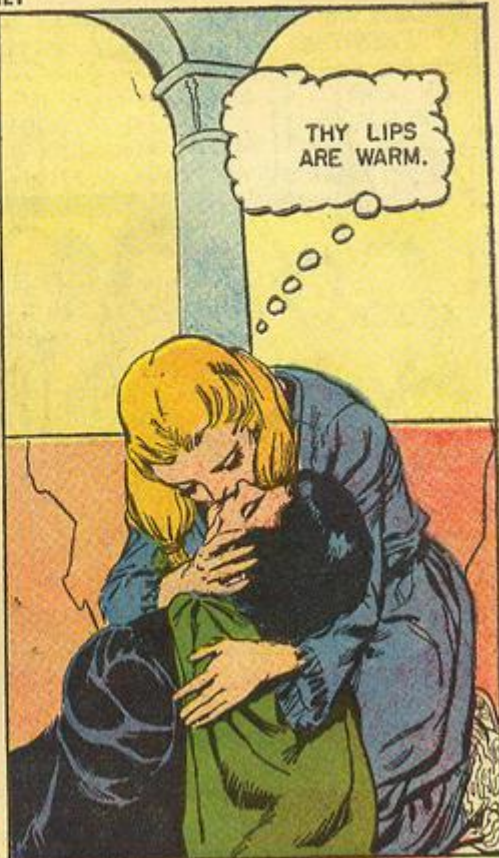
FRIAR LAURENCE LEFT, BUT JULIET DID NOT FOLLOW HIM. SEEING THE EMPTY VIAL SHE GUESSED THAT ROMEO HAD POISONED HIMSELF.

DRUNK ALL, AND LEFT NO FRIENDLY DROP TO HELP ME AFTER? I WILL KISS THY LIPS;
HAPLY* SOME POISON YET DOTHS HANG ON THEM, TO MAKE ME DIE.



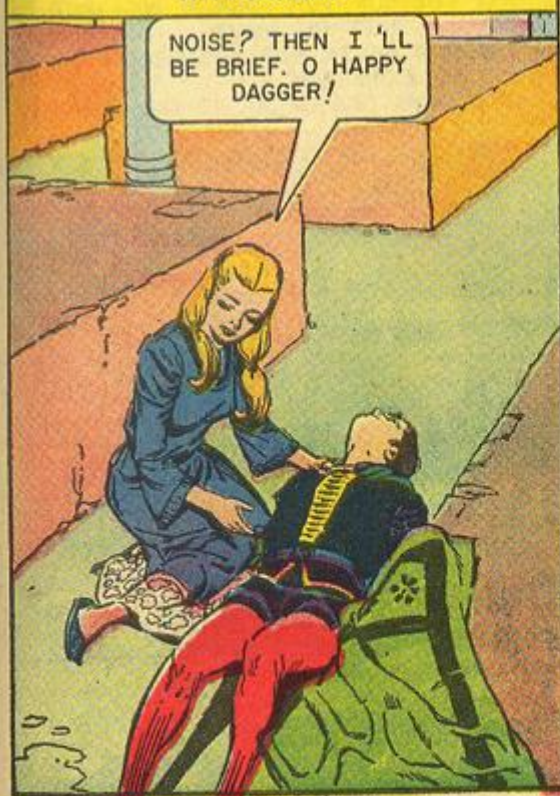
*perhaps

THY LIPS ARE WARM.

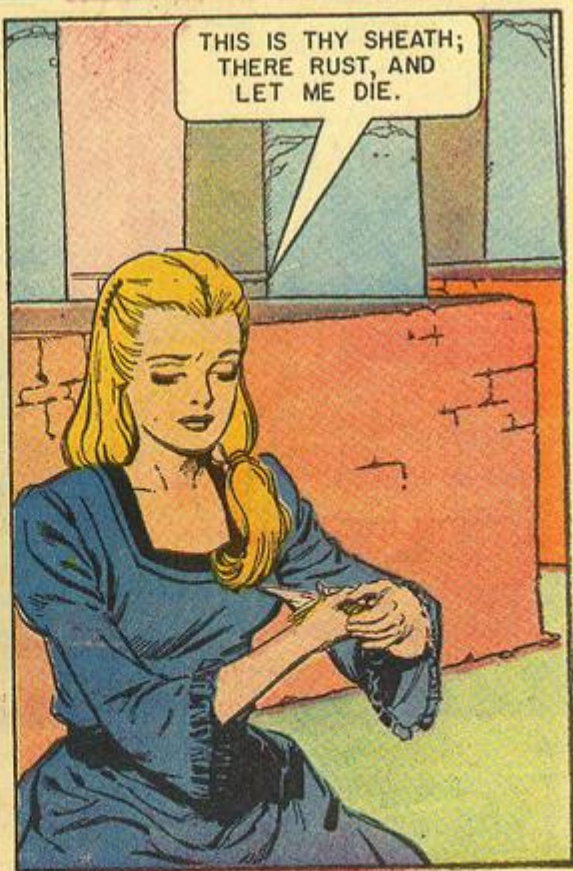


THEN JULIET HEARD THE WATCHMAN APPROACHING.

NOISE? THEN I 'LL BE BRIEF. O HAPPY DAGGER!



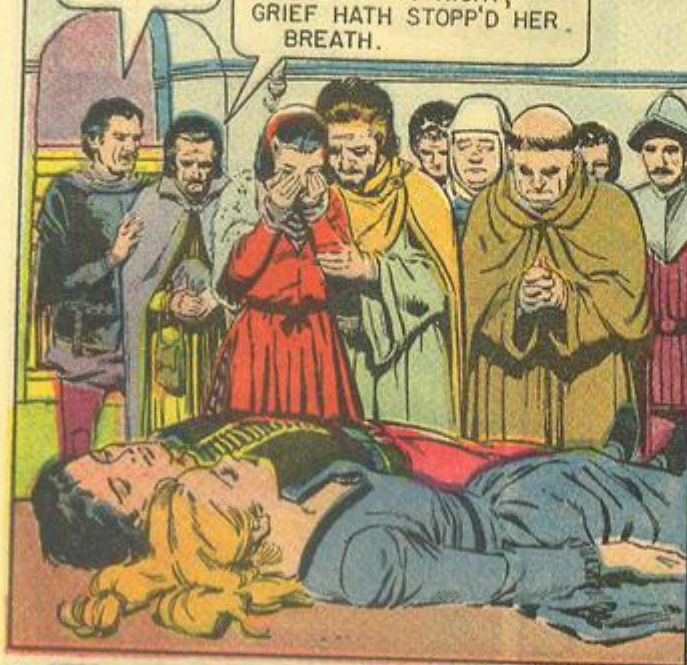
THIS IS THY SHEATH; THERE RUST, AND LET ME DIE.



WHEN THE WATCHMAN DISCOVERED THE BODIES,
EVERYONE WAS SUMMONED TO THE TOMB.

COME,
MONTAGUE.

ALAS, MY LIEGE, MY WIFE
IS DEAD TO-NIGHT;
GRIEF HATH STOPP'D HER
BREATH.



WHEN FRIAR LAURENCE
EXPLAINED WHAT HAD
HAPPENED

CAPULET! MONTAGUE!
SEE, WHAT A SCOURGE IS LAID
UPON YOUR HATE,
THAT HEAVEN FINDS MEANS TO
KILL YOUR JOYS WITH LOVE.
AND ALL ARE PUNISH'D.



O BROTHER
MONTAGUE, GIVE
ME THY HAND.



THUS THE BITTER FEUD ENDED.

A GLOOMING PEACE THIS MORNING
WITH IT BRINGS;
THE SUN, FOR SORROW, WILL NOT
SHOW HIS HEAD.
FOR NEVER WAS A STORY OF
MORE WOE
THAN THIS OF JULIET AND HER
ROMEO.



THE
END

THE STORY OF GREAT BRITAIN

PART 8: THE PURITAN REVOLUTION

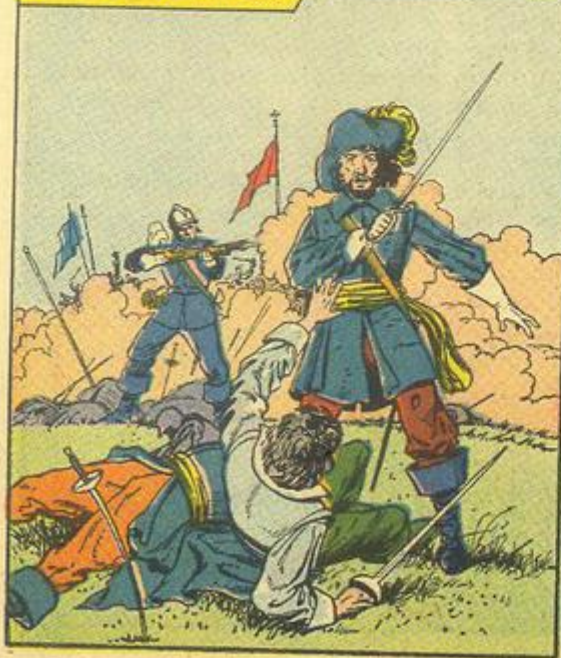
AFTER QUEEN ELIZABETH DIED IN 1603, JAMES I, AND LATER HIS SON, CHARLES I, CAME TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND. THEY TRIED TO IGNORE PARLIAMENT AND RULE AS ABSOLUTE KINGS.



JAMES' DECREES AGAINST CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM ANGERED MANY. TO ESCAPE OPPRESSION, SOME FLED IN THE MAYFLOWER TO DISTANT AMERICA.



PURITANS WHO REMAINED IN ENGLAND EVENTUALLY LED PARLIAMENT INTO AN OPEN BREAK WITH CHARLES I. BOTH SIDES DREW UP ARMIES AND CIVIL WAR BROKE OUT IN 1642.



THE HERO OF THE FIRST BATTLE WAS A PURITAN, OLIVER CROMWELL, WHO WAS CAPTAIN OF A CAVALRY TROOP CALLED THE IRONSIDES.



CROMWELL SOON BECAME LEADER OF ALL THE FORCES OF PARLIAMENT. UNDER HIS DIRECTION, CHARLES WAS CAPTURED IN 1649. AFTER A TRIAL, THE KING WAS BEHEADED FOR TREASON.



A COMMONWEALTH FORM OF GOVERNMENT WAS PROCLAIMED. CROMWELL WAS NAMED LORD-PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH.



HE FORMED A NEW CONSTITUTION GIVING SUPREME LEGISLATIVE POWER TO HIS OFFICE, AND TO PARLIAMENT. IT ALSO GUARANTEED A NUMBER OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTIES.



TO STAY IN POWER, CROMWELL PURGED MANY OF HIS OPPONENTS.



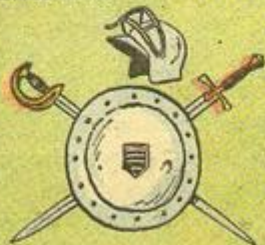
CROMWELL IS A TYRANT—JUST LIKE JULIUS CAESAR WAS.



CROMWELL DIED IN 1658. TWO YEARS LATER, PARLIAMENT INVITED CHARLES II, THE SON OF THE BEHEADED CHARLES I, TO RULE AS KING. THE MONARCHY WAS RESTORED.



ALTHOUGH THE COMMONWEALTH FAILED, THE PURITAN REVOLUTION WHICH CREATED IT DID SUCCEED IN MAKING PARLIAMENT STRONGER, AND IN ENDING THE ABSOLUTE RULE OF KINGS IN ENGLAND.



THIS IS THE EIGHTH OF TWELVE FEATURES ON THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN. IN THE NEXT ISSUE: "THE RESTORATION."



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